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A FLOWER FROM THE CATSKILLS.

The orchards that climb the hillsides,
That lie in the valley below,
Are white in the soft May sunshine,
And fragrant with May-day snow.
The violets wakened by April
Their watch in the meadow yet keep,
The golden spurs of the columbine
Are hung where the lichens creep;

Still gleams by the sluggish waters
Some loitering marigold,
Where ferns, late greeting the sunshine,
Their downy green plumes unfold.
And just by the wooden waysides
Faint glows the azalea's blush,—
The dawn of the coming Summer,
The morning's awakening flush!

But there where the wind-rent rain-clouds
O'ershadow the Catskills' crest,
There blossoms one flower more precious,
Far sweeter than all the rest.
Where scarcely a leaf has opened
The promise of Summer to give,
Where the lingering winds of Winter
For the sleet and the snow-drift grieve,

Where the trees grow scant and stunted,
And scarcely a shadow is cast,
There nestles the Trailing Arbutus
Close, close to the hills' cold breast.
The storm winds give to its courage,
The skies give its power to bless,
And it giveth to all its loving
In its happy thankfulness.

Now pink as the lip of the sea-shell,
Now white as the breakers' foam,
It spreadeth its stainless treasure
To brighten its rugged home.
Low trailing amid the mosses
Its delicate blossoms lie,—
Giving the earth its beauty,
Its worship giving the sky.

Though bleak be the home that reared it,
And rough be its lullaby,
Gathering strength from the tempest,
And grace from the fair blue sky;
It waiteth with patient longing
In the snow's embrace held fast,
Still trusting, with faith unbroken,
The sun to welcome at last:

To welcome with loving greeting
The soft falling step of Spring,
Scarce felt on the northern hill-slopes
Where the lingering snow-drifts cling.
And faint on the winds upsweeping
Is wafted its perfume rare,
Like the incense of worship ascending,—
The mountains' low, unspoken prayer!

O brave little blossom! still teach us
Through love to be patient and strong,
Though the Spring be laggard in coming
And the days be dark and long,
Like thy bloom by the rude ways scattered,
Each day some life may we bless,
Till our souls, like thy fragrance ascending,
Reach heavenly perfectness.

GUSH.

Gush is not strictly peculiar to any stated period of life; it shows itself alike in the manner of the sprightly damsel just freed from school, as well as in the more staid deportment of the matured spinster who still clings fondly to some evanescent hope of matrimony. In the first she finds a ready outcome on such topics as works of poetry, marriages, and the latest thing in infants. The unblushing manner in which girls vehemently protest their adoration for Tennyson, and with uplifted hands and eyes allude affectionately to some one specimen of his works, is "gush" of a nature perhaps more amusing, in that their knowledge of the bard is tolerably certain, in the majority of such cases, to be limited to that single extract. Then, again, who that has undergone the three hours of well-dressed serio-comic intercourse with one's friends known as a wedding can have over-looked the unnecessary demonstrations of affection evinced toward the bride by her officious maids? The display of pocket-handkerchiefs, plainly intended for exhibition, the application of the latter articles to stem an imaginary flood of tears, the frenzied eagerness when the ceremony is over to embrace their late companion in spinster-hood, accompanied by a defiant look round on those who cannot exactly sympathize with their sentimental ebullitions, all tend to show an indulgence in excess of feeling, manifestly injudicious, and totally unwarrantable by the surrounding circumstances.

And now as to the amount of "gush" expended on infants. Here we have a fertile field for the cynic to revel in. A quondam bride becomes a mother, and the interesting event is at once the signal for a host of congratulatory admirers, chiefly unmarried, to gather round her, whose encomiums on the offspring vary in intensity according to their relative powers of "gushing." The youthful class of maidens which we are at present considering, though mentally averse to the task, go with loving emphasis through the duty of kissing the baby, taking care, however, subsequently, and aside, to remove thoroughly from their lips the inevitable consequences of infantine osculation.

We could dwell at some length on another description of "gush" not alluded to before, and also peculiar to young girls, which is the professed friendship of one fair damsel for another of equally prepossessing appearance. The pair may usually be observed at any social festivity sitting together in a prominent position—for this thing is never done in a corner—and taking it in turns to pass their respective arms sweetly round each other's waist. If separated by some unfeeling youth, who may desire the company of either, they lose no opportunity of pointing each other out, and inquiring of their partners with *empressement* as to whether he does not "think that girl awfully pretty," thereby hoping to allay in his mind any latent suspicion of jealously as existing between the acknowledged belles. We shall only add that if this friendship stand a test of rivalry for a place in some male fascinator's bosom, its sincerity cannot be questioned.

"Gush" in a more advanced period of life—the incipient old-maid epoch, for instance—finds a channel for escape in the numerous projects which are sure to be on foot in every well-conducted parish. The chances of attracting mankind by personal appearance having failed, there remains nothing but the highly praiseworthy medium of soup and blankets whereby to bring one's self beneath the notice of the unmarried rector or curates, nay, even of a philanthropic church warden. Let us, however, not be misunderstood in making this suggestion. Far be it from us to aver that the above laudable projects are invariably availed of as a means to an end. There are thousands of well-meaning ladies, we are sure, who struggle by their individual exertions to alleviate suffering, yet are there also those who "gush" undeniably over the sorrows of the poor, and, for obvious reasons, make no secret of so doing.

AWARD OF THE LAVOISIER MEDAL.—The Lavoisier medal of the Societe d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale has just been given to an Englishman, Mr. Walter Weldon, F.R.S.E. In presenting it M. Dumas congratulates Mr. Weldon upon having cheapened every sheet of paper and every yard of calico made in the world; and at the same meeting at which the presentation took place Professor Lamy stated that, whereas at the date of the introduction of Mr. Weldon's invention, seven or eight years ago, the total bleaching powder made in the world was only about 55,000 tons per annum—it is now over 150,000 tons per annum; and that of this vast quantity fully 90 per cent is made by the Weldon process. The Lavoisier Medal has been awarded only once before, namely, in 1870 to M. Henri Sainte-Claire Deville. The only other recipients of this Society's "Great Medal," which bears different effigies according to the class of service for which it is given, are Ferdinand de Lesseps, Boussingault, Jaques Siegfried, Henri Giffard, and Sir Charles Wheatstone.

When "Ten Thousand a Year" first appeared, it was published anonymously, and Mr. Warren, the author, used to go about among his brethren at the bar, asking them if they had seen it and what they thought of it. The book soon became famous. One day Warren attacked a well-known judge with the usual question, "Have you seen 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" Suspecting the secret of the authorship, the judge said, "Oh, yes, of course I have." Something peculiar in the judge's manner prompted Warren to ask further questions. "I'll tell you a secret," said the judge, "if you give me your word of honor not to betray my confidence." Warren gave his word with great solemnity. "I am the author of 'Ten Thousand a Year,'" said the judge. The next day there appeared a paragraph in the papers announcing that Mr. Warren, an eminent member of the bar, was the author of the new novel which had attracted so much attention, and in the next edition of the work the name of the author appeared for the first time on the title-page.

Three-year-old happened to have a want to be attended to just as his mother was busy with the baby. "Go away; I can't be bothered with you now." What did you have so many children for, if you can't bother with 'em?" he unexpectedly inquired.

From the Galaxy.

WHERE IT ENDED.

III.

It was the balmiest of May afternoons. The winter outline of the trees had lost itself in the new foliage! the sky was a delicate blue, with a violet haze toward the horizon; bright wild flowers were blooming along the roadside, and the grass in the meadows was a soft, lustrous green. Even Walton could not escape the air-pervading beauty of the season.

Luke sat at his desk in the library window, a finished sermon before him. His eyes were bent on the dim outline of the distant hills; he was thinking of—of what?

The door opened slightly. A not very picturesque head was thrust in.

"Mr. Luke, a lady is askin' for you."

"Well, Martha, show the lady in at once."

The door was thrown wide open; there was a rustle of silk; Luke felt a sudden thrill. An apparition of olden times—silk, lace, jewels, curls, with the addition of a bonnet with French flowers, which almost shamed nature in their delicate fragrance and beauty, a coral-handled parasol, and above all the same slightly pale, appealing face, the same sweet, thoughtful blue eyes, were all before him. The room seemed illuminated. Luke stood up, but stood motionless. The little creature glided toward him. A tiny pearl-colored kid glove was placed confidingly in his hand for one moment. Then she pushed a light chair close to his desk and sat down. He resumed his seat, and they looked at each other in silence.

"Well," he said at last, "this is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Edith."

"I'm not *Miss* any more," was the brusque reply.

"What—Mrs.?" he asked with a laugh.

She nodded. "I'm on my wedding tour. When I get home I'm going to Europe. I just stopped in to see you *en passant.*"

"*En passant!* I should like to know on what tourist' route Walton lies?"

"On mine—on Mr. Graves'. A woman would not be a woman if she could not get what she wanted by calling it by another name. I am not here to see you—don't flatter yourself to that extent—Mr. Graves—at my brother's suggestion, not mine—is visiting those very interesting mills down the road. I am bored at thought of a mill, am certain I will ruin my new dress—suddenly I recollect that the place is called 'Walton;' that I was once acquainted with the minister's family—good, simple country folk—would like to see them again—will just step in at the rectory and rest a little. Mr. Graves is a gallant man—will not keep me waiting a moment longer than is necessary. There!" she got up and stood behind Luke's chair. "Do you see that individual with gray hair and a gold-headed cane coming up the road?"

"Is that Mr. Graves?"

"Yes. How does he do—for a walking-stick?"

"A walking-stick! Oh, Edith, I hoped when you married you would have a husband."

"Thank you—the one you selected for me was not to my taste," she answered with a toss of the head. "You need not call me 'Edith,' however. Is that your sister in the hall?" Tell her to come in; I want to be introduced."

Clara entered. The introduction was scarcely necessary. One glance at "Luke" told her that "Mrs. Graves" was "Edith." Could she forgive her? Hardly. Yet she was dazzled. She could scarcely take her eyes off her. But what did the creature mean by coming here unasked, and sitting so close to the man she had rejected? Somehow she called to mind one of those shivering little Italian grayhounds which will nestle close to anyone for the sake of warmth, but never respond to any caress with a glance of intelligence or gratitude.

There was the sound of a man's step on the porch. Edith sprang up from her seat, and met Mr. Graves in the hall.

"How good in you to come so soon!" she exclaimed in an undertone. "I hope you did not hurry on my account."

"No, dear. Confound it! I don't see why couldn't make sixpence out of such an investment."

"It is too bad—he must have been misinformed. But don't let us think about it any more. I'm ready to go—only I want you to come in and say a word or two to these people before we start."

She walked into the library, leaning on Mr. Graves' arm, her face lit with the pride of a princess in her prince. She introduced him first to Luke and then to Clara, with whom he fell into conversation. She gave Luke one glance, and went toward the window. He followed her. She stood with her back to her husband. Her glove was off. She put her little hand, sparkling all over with gems, as of old, into Luke's. A look of unmeasured sadness filled her eyes. She uttered, in a sorrowful whisper, one word:

"Good-bye."

"Will you write to me from Europe?" he murmured.

"No." She glanced over her shoulder. Then, jerking contemptuously at the massive gold bauble about her neck, with biting scorn she hissed out, "I must pay for my chains."

Two large tear-drops glittered on her eyelashes. She drew the little hand away from Luke, and dried the tears. Then she gave him the little hand again for one second. A long sigh—then a short, hard laugh. She turned around, drawing on her glove, saying half-animatedly, half-languidly:

"Well, my dear, must we not be going?"

Then a few cheerful commonplaces with Clara, a formal hand-shaking all around, a pleasant, polite, "I am so glad to have seen you *all* again. Good afternoon!" and little Mrs. Graves gathered up her silk flounces and sailed down the garden walk.

The carriage that brought her was waiting at the gate. Luke helped her in. There was one more convulsive pressure of the hand, but the eyes did not meet. Mr. Graves gave directions to the driver, and got in. There was another suave "Good afternoon," and the carriage rolled away. Luke gazed after it till it was lost to view. Then he turned toward the house, but paused at the porch, stopping to see if the morning-glory seeds were coming up, and murmuring softly to himself:

"Poor little thing! poor little thing!"

IV.

Another picture: A dark, gray November sky; the vines on the rectory porch dead and covered with snow. The ground white, the fences white, and the little flakes floating in the air, whirling up, down and around in the storm, while the windmoans and whistles among the leafless trees and sighs about the eaves of the houses.

A little ragged boy, with pale face and haggard eyes, is hanging about the rectory gate. Two women are on the porch. The door is open a few inches, and Martha is talking to them. The door closes. They come down the path, picking their way through the deep snow.

"Ah, it is just what might have been expected—it's all up now!"

"And I know it! I've seen it comin' this twelve month. It is just worked himself to death he has. What did he want of that church? As if the Walton parish alone wasn't enough to turn any one man's hair gray!"

"And what'll we ever do without him? It'll not be easy to get another like him!"

"Ah, that's so—that's so! The way he went visiting around among the poor and sick! a kind word for everybody, young and old. I say, Johnny Ricketts, what are you doin' here? Go along home."

"Did you ask? Can I see him?"

"*You* see him? You'll never see him again, child—he's dying."

"Dying? Will I never see him again? Oh! oh! oh!" and the poor boy sobbed aloud.

"Hush, hush! Don't make such a fuss at the gate here. Come on with you!"

"I won't—let go of me!" and he jerked himself away from the woman. "Oh, I don't care for anything now!" and he flung himself down in the deep snow and rolled about as if in pain.

"Jane, what made you tell him so rough like?"

"Ah, Nancy, and how could I tell that a child—and it a boy too—would take on so?"

"There now, Johnny, don't—don't."

"What is the matter with this child?" asked a very gentle but firm voice.

"Why, miss, our minister is ill and he's dying, and Johnny wants to see him—he was a very good friend to Johnny, he was—and of course he can't see him, and that's what's the matter."

"Poor child!" and the stranger, a slight woman in black, knelt down on the snow beside him. "Was he a very kind friend to you, Johnny?"

"He's the only friend I ever had in the world—he's the only one who ever believed anything good of me—the only one who ever helped me to do anything good."

She picked up his hat, shook the snow off it, and put it on his head. She drew his coat closer around his throat. He had got up and was standing before her perfectly passive. He looked earnestly in her sad blue eyes, and then, laying his hand confidingly on her shoulder, whispered:

"Oh, if I only could see him again!"

"Ah, Johnny, that is what a great many will wish when he is gone!" she said, taking his rough little hand in hers. He stood up. Then she stooped and kissed him, saying gently, "Go home, little boy. Say the prayers he taught you; remember all he said, and do it. You will see him again—in Heaven. And you," turning to the woman, "be kind to this child. Respect his feelings."

The woman answering to the name of Nancy took him by the hand, and the three went off.

"I'd like to know," said the other, "who that woman is. I never laid eyes on her in these parts before."

"Nor I."

"And yet she talked up so superior like as if she were a grand lady—and her clothes as plain as a pike staff! See there! She's goin' into the rectory—Martha opening the door wide to her."

"Maybe she's a relative."

"Sure enough."

"Martha, how could you let anyone in? You know I cannot leave Mr. Luke for one second!"

"But she would come in, ma'am."

"Did you tell her that he is dying?"

"Yes, ma'am—and she said it was the more reason why she must see you right off—and then she walked into the library."

"What can she want?"

"The Lord only knows, ma'am!"

"I never heard of such a thing! It is cruel—outrageous! I won't—and yet I suppose I must." Clara gave a troubled glance back into the sick-room. "Here, Martha, sit down on this chair, and don't move till I return. If he stirs or makes a sound, call me. I won't stay a moment," and she hurried downstairs.

In the library sat a thin, pale little woman—or was it a child?—in the deepest of mourning. Her light hair, short as a boy's curled in soft rings about her head. Her bonnet, with a long crape veil, was thrown aside carelessly on a chair. She was in Luke's seat, in front of his desk, beside the window. His last sermon, still unfinished, was in her hands when Clara entered.

"Do you wish to see me?" asked the latter almost sharply.

"No—your brother."

"He is dying!"

"That is why I came. Can I see him?"

"He could not talk to you."

"I only ask to see him."

"See! Suppose you went up—and saw him die?"

"Then I should be with him to the last."

"You! Who are you?"

"Don't you know?"

"What! It is not possible—not Edith?"

"Yes—Edith!"

There was a dead pause. Clara looked at the poor subdued little creature before her—recalled the brilliant apparition which a few years before had dazzled her in that same apartment. Was it possible?

"Where is your husband?" broke almost unconsciously from her lips.

"Gone to the devil, I suppose! I can't imagine him anywhere else," and a wild, vindictive glare, strange in blue eyes, shone in hers, while her white teeth ground together in rage. "He is dead—and I am glad of it! Don't speak of him! Take me to your brother. Does he know that he is dying?"

"Yes."

"And is happy?"

"No—resigned. He regrets to leave his work."

"Regrets to leave his work! And I—I have had my fever—no work—no joy—nothing to regret—and I am here and have to live! Work, work, work! So that this is the thing which attaches men to life. Not love, or joy, or wealth, or culture, but work—simply work." Both were silent.

"Martha, you may go now."

The little black figure glided past her into the sick room. Edith threw herself on her knees beside the bed. Her little hands—there were no jewels glittering on them now—clasped the one thin hand near her on the quilt. The invalid opened his eyes. A faint smile crossed his face.

"Luke, do you know me?"

"Of course I do," he murmured—"though. God knows you are changed!"

"Have you forgiven me?

"Long ago. Have you forgiven yourself?

"Never!"

"Then do so now—for my sake."

She covered the thin hand in hers with kisses.

"My poor little girl, how you have suffered! Surely my love could have shielded you in part from that. And perhaps your love could have saved me from this."

"Oh, Luke, don't add to my agony!" she gasped, starting back.

"I add to it? No, dear child, my last wish is to comfort you."

"But there is no comfort!"

"Yes! Where I have found it—in work—and in *this.* Keep it.

Her hands clasped the book he moved toward her; her head sank upon it—there were loud sobs in the room.

Clara came to the other side of the bed. Luke drew down her face and kissed her. She sat beside him. He closed his eyes. There was a long, sad silence. Then he started—he stretched out his hand till it touched the bowed head near him.

"God bless you, Edith. Darling, good-by!"

These were his last words. The sobs grew louder. Then they died away. But the little black figure remained kneeling at the bedside long into the small hours of the night—and the thin hand rested on the soft golden curls till death chilled the benediction.

And there it ended. Poor Edith! Poor Luke!

[THE END.]

TO A SEAMSTRESS.

O! what bosom but must yield
When, like Pallas, you advance,
With a thimble for a shield,
And a needle for your lance?

Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And, in pity for my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

Of the quaintness of Gen. Herkimer's widow, a correspondent writes to *The Clinton Courier:* "The residence of Gen. Herkimer was a large brick house on the south side of the Mohawk River, perhaps two miles from Fall Hill, kept as a tavern after the General's death. My father, at an early day, had occasion to stop there on one of his journeys to his Whitetown home. The widow spoke of Gen. Herkimer as her husband, that he was killed in the Ris'ky battle, was brought home, and 'lived ten days after he was dead,' as she expressed it. She then said of the two young women present: These be my daughters, all of them both.' She then alluded to the murder of one or more of her sons by the Indians, and how the survivors cried and mourned, 'till I told them we would let the Lord know that we could do without them.' This was her quaint way of expressing submission."

In the Russian Caucasus is the tower of Bakon, the point of pilgrimage of the fire worshippers from a period far beyond the era of Mohammedanism. The pilgrims are now few in number. The residents of the tower are earnest advocates of the faith, together with sundry disciples of Zoroaster. Their worship, costumes and ceremonies are precisely as in ancient times. The tower has no windows. The interior is reach only by subterranean passage. It is an immense building, and is surrounded by a high wall. Within this wall and encircling the tower are high columns of flame, which spring from the earth and are made with the naphtha that is found in large quantities in the surrounding soil of the mountains. These fires are kept perpetually burning.

For the convenience of the boy Emperor of China, who is in charge of many tutors, and in process of a very careful education, a *Hahachutzs* or "whipping-boy" has been appointed. The duties of the "whipping-boy" are believed to be varied and onerous. They consist in presenting himself for punishment whenever the young Emperor is guilty of sins of omission or commission. The young sovereign receives the rod only in the person of his substitute.

Brick perforated with three holes, that the mortar may get a good hold, are being used in the construction of some buildings in Minneapolis, Minn.

DIAMOND GOSSIP.

One of the most admired diamond necklaces in Paris is, I (Spiridion in the *Boston Gazette*) know, mere paste, for the owner herself told me. Few of the actresses of Paris wear diamonds. They are known to have real diamonds worth $100,000 or $200,000, so they can wear paste and own diamonds with impunity. The latter are kept secure from burglars in the Bank of France. The Papal *tiara* was for years adorned merely with paste, and was itself merely pastboard, although in its worst state it contained a diamond worth $850,000. This diamond's history is curious, even though it probably is not yet ended. The first thing known of it is that it was one of the jewels of the Great Mogol's crown. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, bought it from the Great Mogol. Charles the Bold was passonately fond, was as fond as the Duke of Brunswick, of everything that added visible, brilliant wealth to his household and person: consequently diamonds and other precious stones, gold and silver plate, tapestry, and gold and silver coins and jewelry were amassed in large quantities by him. He could never part with his treasures. He could not spend a day without seeing them. There was no person in the fifteenth century who came near him in the number and value of such treasures. His jealous love of them proved his ruin. As he took them wherever he went, he took them to the battle-field of Grandson. The Swiss smote him with such merciless severity that he abandoned everything on the battle-field, and was too glad to escape with his life. The most famous treasures he abandoned on that field were three diamonds. One of them was the Sancy diamond, which Louis XIV. bought, and which was one of the crown diamonds of France until the Duchess de Berri sold it to Prince Demidoff. One day Jules Janin dined at San Donato (Prince Demidoff's country seat near Florence;) the Sancy diamond, among other treasures, was shown the guests. At the usual hour the guests departed. After they had gone it was found the Sancy diamond had disappeared; as it was worth $500,000 beside its historical value, its disappearance created a considerable annoyance, for half a million of dollars is something, even in the house of a man as rich as Prince Demidoff. The incidents of the evening were recalled, to see if the diamond could be traced; in time it was recollected that the stone was last seen in Jules Janin's hand. By this time it was too late to send a messenger into Florence. People don't rise early in winter anywhere; they rise later than elsewhere in Florence. It was past noon when Prince Demidoff's messenger entered Jules Janin's room. "The what?—the diamond?" Jules Janin came nigh fainting. He remembered that he had held the diamond, and the last he did remember of it was that it lay in his hand. Imagine his situation—to have $500,000 last seen in his company and to be unable to account for them. Suddenly he screamed, seized his hat, tumbled down stairs, yelled at the hotel office, "Send somebody with me to the laundress'," took the messenger by the arm and pulled him through the streets till the laundry was reached. He gasped, "My white waistcoat!" The soiled linen that morning received from the hotel was searched, and at the bottom of it all, the white waistcoat was found. Jules Janin actually trembled with nervous anxiety during the whole search. His hands shook so violently that when the white waistcoat was given him he could scarcely find a pocket; but he did find it, did finger, and did—draw forth the Sancy diamond! The reaction was so great that Jules Janin sank speechless into a chair. When he recovered self-command he returned to the hotel, ordered carriage and horses, and carried the diamond to Prince Demidoff. You may imagine the laughter with which his story was greeted. Nothing else was talked about in Florence during the rest of the season. The second diamond which Charles the Bold lost on the battle-field of Grandson is now the most valuable diamond of the crown of Austria; it is valued at $600,000. The third diamond lost on the same battle-field is the most valuable of the trio. It was found under a cart. The soldier picked it up, looked at it for a few minutes, then threw it away as worthless. It looked so pretty as it lay on the ground, "shining with purest ray serene," that the vulgar soldier felt 'twas a pity to neglect such "a bright piece of glass" (as it seemed to his untutored eye;) so he went and picked it up again, and was delighted with himself when, a few hours afterwards, he sold it to a country curate for sixty cents. The curate soon got tired of the bright bauble and chuckled when he found a Bernese shopkeeper who was willing to give him $1.20 for it. The shopkeeper chuckled longer, if not so loudly, when he sold it for 5,000 ducats to a merchant who got 7,000 for it from a Venetian dealer. The latter sold it to La More, Duke of Milan, for 14,000 ducats, and the latter received 20,000 ducats for it from Pope Jules II. It is about the size of an English walnut. The Vatican once had the most valuable collection of crowns in Europe. Pope Boniface VIII. was the first Pope who had a crown made, and each of his successors, to Pius VII. exclusive, added a crown to the Vatican's treasury, and each Pope made it a matter of pride to make his crown surpass all the others in splendor. Pope Jules II.'s crown was one of the most splendid of the ten crowns owned by the Vatican, for it was adorned with Charles the Bold's diamond. But, alas! that vulgar thing called debt entered the Vatican, and the Popes had to sell diamonds and gold to get money. Times were so hard at the Vatican that, when Napoleon insisted on Pius VII. making his appearance at some state ceremony wearing his *tiara,* the Pope could clap on his head only a pasteboard crown, adorned with colored glass to represent the absent diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Napoleon was shocked by such poverty and instantly ordered a new crown to be made. The new *tiara's* cupola is formed by eight rubies, twenty-four pearls, and one emerald; the cross is formed by twelve diamonds, one of them being Charles the Bold's diamond. The streamers which fall from the crown upon the Pope's back are of diamonds and pearls. Two chains of gold in links keep it on the Pope's head. The crown cost Napoleon $44,000 exclusive of Charles the Bold's diamond. It is rarely worn; its weight makes it oppressive, especially to an old man's head. It was carefully concealed in Rome in 1848, during the reuelution, (it is believed it was concealed in the English consulate,) and did not reappear until after the French troops entered the Eternal City in 1849, bringing with them the Pope, who had fled to Gaeta.

Laferriere, the brilliant French actor who died recently, had a curious disinclination to have his friends aware of his illness, or to have them talk about it. Two days before his death Febvre, of the Comedie Fraincaise, visited him. Laferrie was plunged into scarcely conscious prostration, but when told that M. Febvre wished to see him, he rose on his couch by a tremendous effort, opened his eyes, ran his fingers through his hair, bade his visitor enter and talked with him brightly and energetically, for at least ten minutes. When M. Febvre left him he again shut his eyes and fell back into his stupor, never to come out of it again.

The late Miss Mary Carpenter, says Mr. Conway, once remarked in a private company that it was a pity so few were agitating "the great question of the day," whereupon one present said he thought so too; but what was the great question of the day? Then each person present gave his or her view. One said it was Romanism; another education; others woman-suffrage, game laws, disestablishment; no two agreed what the "great question" was, and Miss Carpenter completed the diversity by quietly remarking that she thought everybody felt that is was—the convict system!

An attempt will be made in Congress this winter to secure a pension for Ida Lewis, who is in indifferent health. She is still one of the lionesses of Newport, and recently came within one of adding another to her rescues. A gale blew up, and a party of gentlemen who were sailing in the harbor lost control of their boat, which careened on one side and half filled with water. Ida arose from a sick-bed and was preparing to lower her little dingy from its davits, when another sailboat went to the rescue of the imperilled men.

The lowest development of a lack of wit is shown in trying to make fun of the hard-looking words of a foreign language. Just now this weakness of the witling is overdone. Put a nightingale's song into words, and it looks like rubbish. Those who know say that the Russian language, about which our journalistic jackasses are so greatly exercised, is very pleasant and musical, when properly spoken. But when the jackass undertakes to do the nightingale's work, he naturally makes a mess of it.

THE VOICES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

We notice that sundry people who have traveled in Europe and pretend to be dissatisfied with their own country by way of showing that they have profited by their trip are criticising the voices of American women as "harsh, nasal and piercing" compared to those of foreign women, which are said to be like the cooing of doves. The general testimony on this subject is so strong and the case originally put by Richard Grant White that even the most patriotic among us begin to be troubled with doubts as to the harmony of our women's voices. As graceful in form as the peacock and arrayed as gorgeously, they are said to be cursed like him with a dissonant cry which mars their beauty. Like that faithful wife of old who took it for granted that all men had as bad a breath as her husband Americans were long contented to listen to the soft accents of love from the lips of American women, imagining that nothing could be sweeter; to hearken to their rippling laughter, never dreaming that anything could ring purer or clearer, and to hear the ominous clash of their scolding with a feeling that the sound was as terrible as anything in nature. The citizen of this great republic was aware in a general way that a Spanish girl moved like a well-balanced kite through a clear sky; that the eyes of a Venetian damsel were dark as coal and twice as full of hidden fire, and that the speech of Englishwomen was liquid velvet or watered silk or milky plush; but he remained contented, for he held the opinion that the American woman, while not perhaps equal to some of her foreign sisters in special points, was, to take her by and large as the Devil took the ditch, about as nice a specimen of humanity as the Lord ever created. He put faith in Bishop Berkeley's noble song, and looked upon the New World not as a place of degenerate types and imperfect achievement, but as a place where the last great act in the development of man was to proceed; and certainly there could be no hope for such a future if the American women were harsh-voiced viragoes. The travelers formed for a long time such a small minority that they were very cautious about attacking the popular delusion; but of late years they have grown so numerous and so pretentious that they aspire to make public opinion, and as many of them have daughters educated in Europe, they do not hesitate to expose the shortcomings of our home-bred women and vaunt the superiority of the imported article. Thus it comes to pass that we hear of nothing now but the vile voices of American ladies—their nasal twang, their squeaking and croaking pipes. Well, dear, indignant travelers, if all you say be true it is a bad business, but what are you going to do about it? If the American woman be such a disagreeable creature to talk to, what can we do but grin and bear the misfortune? All our girls cannot be born in Italy and educated until the age of nineteen in foreign lands, like the lady who writes to the *Times* to complain of the harsh voices of her fashionable friends in New York. They might get sweet voices in that way, but perhaps they would lose in the process something of that wit, tact, good sense and beauty which go to make up an American woman. They would certainly lose that knowledge of this country, and that love for it which ought to characterize its daughters. If our women talk naturally that is all we can ask of them. Whether the quality of their voices be due to the climate, to their peculiar temperament or to the dramatic vivacity with which they speak it is needless to inquire so long as they speak without affectation. It is only when the defect in their tone is the result of a bad habit of speaking—whether carelessness of utterance or a striving after what is supposed to be refinement of manner—that a remedy should be sought. Otherwise they ought to let their voices be as God and their native air make them, for to attempt to ape the speech of English women or Italians or Germans would make them ridiculous. It would be better to remain free Americans and scream like a pig under a gate or a steam-tug in a fog. There are several millions of voters in the United States who will always consider their voices

From Chamber's Journal.

THE INVINCIBLE LOVER.

My heart sings like a May-day bird
That woos its leafy groves,
And lightly doth the burden bear
Of half a score of loves.
My heart sings like a May-day bird,
And will not stint its joy
For all the laughing maids on earth,
That smile to work annoy.

On Youth, like a triumphant King,
I gaily still can ride:
Nor need I part from Nature's charms
To seek a meaner bride.
The morning sun, the radiant eve,
Are dearer far to me
Than any rosy cheeks, or lips,
Or bright love-rolling e'e.

Yet not unapt in Love's sweet wiles
Nor dames unskilled to sue—
Nature's my mistress and my Queen,
More gracious and more true.
On her green hills—a nuptial couch—
Through dewy evening hours,
I woo her western winds, and hold
Soft dalliance with her flowers.

No jealous fears disturb my breast,
But with a large consent
Rich favors I receive, and then
Receiving am content.
All seasons and all times she owns
My love with heartfelt tie;
In her embrace my life I pass,
In her embrace shall die.

The French Exhibition of next year, says the *London World,* will have some specially attractive features. There is to be a grand central avenue, in which the buildings allotted to the various nations are to terminate, the frontage of each representing some remarkable historical building of the country to which it is assigned. Thus the *facade* of the Belgium section will represent the splendid Hotel de Ville of Brussels. A cascade will flow down from the Palace of the Trocadero, cross the Seine in conduits, and supply the water for the machinery of the Exhibition on the Champ de Mars. It will be surrounded by four colossal groups of statuary personifying by groups of animals the four quarters of the world. Europe has been intrusted to M. Cain, Africa to Fremiet, Asia to Jacquemart, and America to Roillard.

A LAND OF WONDERS.—Roraima is a great table mountain on the borders of British Guiana, whose steep and inaccessible sides rise from the height of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea 20,000 feet sheer into the sapphire tropical sky. This wonderful place is, in other respects, a marvel of the world. The highest waterfall known tumbles from its summit at one leap of 2,000 feet, and then rushes impetuously 3,000 feet more on a slope of forty-five degrees down to the bottom of the valley, broad enough to be seen thirty miles away. Only two explorers have yet even reached the base of the table, which, it is estimated, is from eight to twelve miles long.

The Prince of Wales' young daughter Louise is getting old enough to go to afternoon entertainments with her father. He appeared recently at an aristocratic garden-party leading the small maiden, who wore a navy-blue gown and the most prettily demure air in the world. His children are fresh, bright-looking young people, not beautiful but interesting. Prince Albert Victor, who has just been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is said to have contracted the disease at Sandringham in the same way as his father did a few years ago—in consequence of imperfect sanitary arrangements.

BROOMS AND CARPET SWEEPING.—I have found that brooms wet with boiling soapsuds once or twice a week, will become very pliable and tough and will not cut the carpet in sweeping, and will last much longer; also that a handful of salt sprinkled over the carpet before sweeping will carry the dust along with it and cause the carpet to look bright and clean. A very dusty carpet may also be cleaned by dipping the broom in cold water, shaking off all the drops, and sweeping a yard or so at a time, then wash the broom and repeat until the room is swept.

A beggar in France solicited twenty sous of a gentleman, adding, "I have great need of twenty sous." The request was refused. The beggar added, "Then I know what I shall do." The gentleman reflected upon this reply, and at once thought that possibly twenty sous would save the fellow's life. He ran and gave him the money. "And what were you going to do if I had refused the gift?" inquired the donor. "Going to do?" retorted the rascal; why I was going to work."

One of the best ways to judge of a man's character is to find out the kind of fun he likes best.

ST. LAMBERT'S COAL.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Wild hordes had sacked the minster; scattered
Upon the broken pavement, lay
The crash of blazon'd windows, shattered
By barbarous knights in wanton fray,
Who wrought the wreck and went their way.

Across pale, pictur'd faces, gashes
Showed where their godless blades had thrust
Profane defiance; and with ashes
Strewn was the altar, and encrust
Was chalice, pyx and urn with rust.

No lamp shed forth its sacred glimmer,
No incense breathed its hallowed fume;
And as the rudded eye grew dimmer,
Shadows as ghastly as the tomb
Wrapped choir and nave and aisle in gloom.

Anon athwart the murk came stealing
Far floatings of a chanted hymn
Up-borne in gusts from floor to ceiling,
As faintly a procession dim
Out of the darkness seemed to swim.

Onward it wended—nor did falter,
Till from their midmost, one cried—"Who
Bethought him of the quenched altar?
Alas! how guide the service through?
Would God might light the lamp anew!"

"*Amen!*" came through the silence drifting;
And from the train, therewith, outstole
A little acolyte, who, lifting
His surplice hem, displayed a coal
That glowed, yet left the garment whole.

"*Christus illuminator!*" kneeling,
The astonished bishop cried, "from whom
Can light else come? Thyself revealing,
Flash forth that faith to chase our gloom,
Which burns and yet doth not consume!

Such faith is thine, O Lambert! Kindle
Thereat the alter-lamp, and let
Its lustre, henceforth, never dwindle!"
He took the coal, the light reset,
And there, they tell, 'tis burning yet.

THE MOONS OF MARS.

Prof. Simon Newcomb has addressed the following letter to the editor of the New York *Tribune:*

SIR: Some particulars respecting the newly-discovered satellites of Mars may not be uninteresting. The first question which will naturally arise is, why have these objects not been seen before? The answer is that Mars is now nearer to the earth than it has been at any time since 1845, when the great telescopes of the present had hardly begun to be known. The next opportunity for seeing them occurred in 1862, but we may suppose they were then not especially sought for with the two or three telescopes which alone would show them. The next favorable opportunity was in 1875, but Mars was then so far south of the equator that it could not well be observed in our latitudes. The present opposition is about the best possible for observation in the middle latitudes of our hemisphere, because the very small deviation from greatest possible approach to the earth arises from the opposition occurring a few days after the planet reaches its position, and this thrown it farther north in declination than it would be at the time of absolutely nearest approach. The next opposition will occur in October, 1879, and there is some hope that the satellites may then again be observed with the Washington telescope. During the ten years following they will probably be entirely invisible, with all the telescopes of the world, because, owing to the great eccentricity of the orbit of Mars, the planet will be too far away at the times of opposition. In 1892 a favorable opposition will again occur. During the present year it is hardly likely that the satellites will be visible after October.

Of the two satellites now discovered the most extraordinary feature is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, and the rapidity of its revolution. The shortest period hitherto known is that of the inner satellite of Saturn—twenty-two and a half hours. But the inner satellite of Mars goes round in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. Its distance from the centre of the planet is about 6,000 miles, and from the surface less than 4,000. If there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixtieth that of the moon from tionships between the times of revolution, is found here which we see in the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. The inner satellite of Mars revolves in very nearly one-fourth the period of the outer one, these times being—

Outer satellite, 30h. 14m.
One-fourth this period, 7h. 33½m.
Period of inner satellite, 7h. 38m.

These satellites may also be put down as by far the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. It is hardly possible to make anything like a numerical estimate of their diameters, because they are seen in the telescope only as faint points of light. But one might safely agree to ride round one of them in a railway car between two successive meals, or to walk round in easy stages during a very brief vacation. In fact, supposing the surface of the outer one to have the same reflecting power with that of Mars, its diameter cannot be much more than ten miles, and may be less.

Altogether, these objects must be regarded as among the most remarkable of the solar system. Not the least service which Prof. Hall's discovery will render to astronomy is that of an exact determination of the mass of Mars, and a consequent simplification of the theories of the four inner planets. The most profound researches on this subject hitherto made are those of Le Verrier, and we may regard his mass of Mars as the product of a century of observations, and several years of laborious calculation by a corps of computers. From Prof. Hall's measures on four nights there is obtained by ten minutes' computation

$$\text{Mass of Mars} = \frac{\text{Mass of the Sun}}{3,090,000}$$

This is more certain than that declared by Le Verrier with great labor. The latter was about one three-millionth that of the sun, so that the agreement of the two results is quite striking. SIMON NEWCOMB.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22, 1877.

There is nothing remaining of the Bordentown Bonapartes but the Lake House, where Prince Charles and Zenaide lived, and the porter's lodge and the gardener's house. The former has been converted into a boarding house. The palace was torn down many years ago by an Englishman named Beckett, who erected a modern villa farther back from the street. The only things that Mr. Beckett saved from the palace were two mantelpieces, sent to this country as a present to Joseph Bonaparte by his uncle the cardinal. They were carved in Italy at a cost of $1,500 each, and are beautiful as works of art. The Beckett place stands unoccupied, Mr. Becket dying a few years since and his wife moving to New York. There are seven hundred acres in the back grounds, so that none but a very rich man could keep up the place as it should be. Murat House still stands on Park street, but the home of royalty has become a tenement house.

According to the custom of the Turks, the Koran must not be printed, but always preserved in manuscript. This circumstance puts it out of the power of the poorer classes to possess a copy of the sacred book, and recourse has been had to photography. As the heliographic process had no existence when Mohammed promulgated his prohibition, there can be no impropriety in employing it for the dissemination of his teachings, particularly as in Turkey this process is not classed with printing, but is described as due to the direct action of the sun. It is thus that photography comes to the rescue of a religion professed by a great number of races. The operation of photographing the Koran has been accomplished by Fruhwist, in London, under the strictest control, to prevent any violation of the Mussulman regulation on the subject.

A well known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat sharp in his temper. He was once going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss in his preparations. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and asked contemptuously: "What's this you're gaun, Robby, that ye mak sic a grand wark about yer claes?" The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied; "I'm going to the Devil." "Deed, Robby, then," was the quiet answer, "ye needna be sae nice; he'll just take ye as ye are."—*Ex.*

A druggist, having amassed a fortune, determined to erect a mansion which should contain every possible comfort, and to which he would retire to enjoy his honest means during the remainder of his days. He had somehow heard that over the entrance to a retreat erected with similar intentions were the words *otium cum dignitate.* He knew the English of this expressive phrase, but, as the sequel shows, was not so sure of the Latin, for over his door was painted, in brave array, *opium cum digitale.*

HOW PENCILS ARE MADE.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are not familiar with the subject of pencils and their manufacture, we may state that the ordinary pencil is filled with a preparation of graphite, commonly called black lead or plumbago, both of which are misnomers, as there is no lead or plumbum in it. Until quite lately it has been considered by chemists as a carburet of iron, but it is now generally acknowledged that, although it shows traces of iron, this metal is only mechanically mixed with it—there being no chemical combination between the two.

Pencils were originally filled with square sticks cut from blocks of graphite found in the famous Borrowdale mine, in Cumberland, England, which contained the purest ever found, but on the exhaustion of that mine the impure materials to be found elsewhere were pressed into service, after the proper purification. The process adopted by the Dixon Company at Jersey City, who use a graphite found at Ticonderoga, N. Y., is as follows: The graphite is first ground fine in water, treated with sulphuric and nitric acids, and after washing clean, heated to a bright red. Then it is mixed with sufficient water to make it run freely and allowed to pass slowly through a series of tanks arranged in steps, until the water leaves the last one of the series almost clear, having left the graphite deposited and graded in the tanks—the deposit in that nearest the overflow, being the purest, is used for the finest pencils. The graphite after being taken from the tanks is dried, and then mixed with pipe clay obtained from Rotterrdam, Holland, which has been purified in the same way as the graphite, only the very finest being used for pencils, as the coarse can be utilized in the manufacture of crucibles. Upon the amount of clay used depends the hardness of the pencil—the more clay the harder the grade—about 7 parts of clay to 10 parts of graphite, by weight, forming a medium. The clay and graphite is thoroughly mixed with water and ground like paint, but is passed repeatedly through the mills as many as twenty-four times being considered as necessary for the finest grades. When ground sufficient the pasty mass is inclosed in a canvas bag, and the water is squeezed out by a powerful press, leaving the compound in the form of a stiff dough, which is placed into a cylinder of a forming machine, and by means of a piston driven down by a powerful screw, is forced out at the bottom of the cylinder in the form of "leads" that, after being heated in a crucible to a red heat, are ready for insertion in the wooden blocks to cut into pencils.

The blocks are formed by sawing the wood into pieces as long as a pencil, six times as wide and half the thickness, which are afterwards run through a planing machine that not only smooths them but cuts in each block six grooves half the thickness of the "leads." In the grooves in one block the leads are laid, a second block previonsly coated with glue is laid on the first, and a pile of these compound blocks are placed in a press, where they remain until dry. The blocks are next cut apart into six pencils each by passing through a machine like a moulding machine, having two sets of cutters operating on opposite sides of the blocks, each of which cuts half way through the wood. The cutters in these machines are so accurately arranged and run so true that when the pencils leave the machine there is no mark to show the line of separation from the block other than the joint of the two pieces of wood inclosing the lead, and are said to be so smooth that sand papering would roughen them. The shaping machine turns out about 72 per minute, or over 43,000 per day. The pencils are then varnished or colored by another machine, at the rate of 120 per minute, or 72,000 per day; and then polished in another machine at the rate of 100 per minute, or over 63,000 per day—all by unskilled labor.—*Scientific American.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

If you do not take trouble with your children when they are young, they will give you trouble when they are old.

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

An extensive deposit of peat has been discovered on the line of the Syracuse, Geneva and Corning railroad near Beaver Dam. It is said to contain 60,000 cords.

Professor Wood's specimens of lower jaws removed for phosphorous disease, and which were recently sent to the Surgical Congress at Berlin, have attracted a good deal of attention, and have reflected credit upon American surgery.

A Dutchman lately attended court in Boston to get excused from the jury box. "I can't understhand goot Englese," repeated the Dutchman. "Take your seat," cried the Judge; "that's no excuse; you need not be alarmed, Harte and Twain, in the new play at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, was suggested by the well known couplet;

"Two souls with but Ah Sin-gle thought
Twain-Hartes that beat as one."

Indian famines are usually in consequence of a failure of the water supply. Artificial irrigation was in former times extensively used under the native princes, but most of the old reservoirs and canals are now in ruins—a fatal neglect which sooner or later must be repaired.

Mrs. Chisholm, widow of Judge Chisholm, slain in the Kemper county, Miss., massacre, writes that she can not leave the county as she wishes, because the Probate Court refuses to settle up her husband's estate. No excuse is offered by the court, and it may be set down as a case of petty malignity.

The Ayr (Eng.) Town Council, in the competition for the new town hall, intend to give a premium of £25 to each architect whose design is rejected, while the accepted design is paid for in the usual way. It is barely possible that this may prove a somewhat costly competition for the town of Ayr.

DOG DAYS.—This is what the weather is doing for the editors:

Dogs must have been valuable property in the days of the "Golden Fleas."—*Rockland Courier.* Even the dogs complain of the hard times. It is the tin panic that affects them.—*Turner's Falls reporter.* Highly intellectual dog; Type setter.—*Ex.*

A late invention is a duplex, unpickable and uncutable pocket. It consists of a double pocket, secured inside the ordinary one, and this again secured by a watch fastener, to which chains are attached and sewn inside. A little armor plating is all that is wanted for complete defence, except the pickpocket is provided with a torpedo, and in that case it is all up with the wearer.

The Countess Lambertini, plaintiff in the Antonelli scandal suit, is a woman of twenty-two, golden haired and slight, the mother of several children. In getting up her case, it is said, she has displayed much of the perseverance and perspicuity of her alleged father. Her husband, who is a collateral descendant of Benedict XIV., is said to be completely under her snowy thumb.

The authorities in charge of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, have decided to use a portion of that domain for educational purposes, and have asked the co-operation of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. It is proposed to begin with the hardy perennial and Alpine plants, and form as complete a collection as is possible. Every character of soil and location is readily obtained, even for the aquatic plants.

The national pastime of Russia is hunting wolves, a species extremely fierce and rapacious in their nature. It is said that since the serfs have been emancipated they are unwilling to act as drivers in wolf hunts on account of the dangers attending the sport. Statistics show that in 1875, 161 persons were killed in that country by wolves, and the loss in domestic animals from the same source is estimated at $12,500,000 per annum.—*Ex.*

M. Labouchere tells this pleasing tale of Leonard Courtney, the leader writer of the London *Times,* now an M. P., and "Ginx's Baby": Said the former to the latter: "I have read your pamphlet, Mr. Jenkins, and I am surprised that you should have written it." Off went "Ginx" to the *Fortnightly,* and carefully perused an article of Courtney's. Meeting him the following day in the lobby, he said: "I have read your article, Mr. Courtney, and I am not surprised that you should have written it!"

Paul de Cassagnac, the French Deputy, journalist, bully and duelist, received his first instruction in fencing from a woman. She was the daughter of a Polish fugitive, by vocation a fencing master. She came to ask assistance for her sick father, and proved the truth of her story by challenging a doubter to a bout with the foils, and easily disarming him. Under the tuition of this woman Cassagnac became one of the most expert swordsmen of France. He has fought nineteen duels, and never received a wound.

Mr. Huxley, in his address before the Domestic Congress in England, made a new and forcible plea on behalf of vivisection. He said he felt it to be his duty to express regret at a condition of law which permits a boy to troll for pike, or set lines with live frog bait for idle amusement, and, at the same time, lays the teacher of that boy open to the penalty of fine and imprisonment if he uses the same animal for the purpose of exhibiting one of the most beautiful and instructive of physiological spectacles—the circulation in the web of the foot.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—No. 48 *Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St.* *BRISTOL, PA.*

Thursday, August 30, 1877.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies........................ 5 cents.
One year............................ $2 00.

—Senator Morton's health continues to improve steadily.

—Brigham Young died at Salt Lake City, Utah, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. He was attacked by cholera morbus last Thursday night, which was followed by inflamation of the bowels which prevented from the first all passage through them, and by continued swelling toward the throat finally stopped respiration. He was conscious as long as failing breath permitted him to speak, but only briefly answered questions during the last forty-eight hours.

—Mr. B. P. Shillaber, otherwise Mrs. Partington, was a compositor on *The Boston Post* when he wrote several comic sketches, more for his own amusement than for publication However, his friends urged him to show them to the editor, and the result was that Mrs. Partington became very voluble, and Mr. Shillaber woke up one morning and found himself famous. He lives at present in retired ease at Chelsea, near Boston, and might be very comfortable if it were not for rheumatism.

—The *Philadelphia Press* of last Thursday contained the following notice of this paper:

The BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE entered upon the fifth year of its existence with the present number of this week. In August, 1873, volume 1, No. 1, first saw the light, with but a nominal list of subscribers. Now, after a lapse of four years, it has the largest circulation, with but a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in the county, notwithstanding the fact that more than a dozen newspapers are printed within its boundary lines, the larger number of which have been much longer established than the GAZETTE.

—The declaration of the Democratic State Convention last week, against subsidies, is said to have exerted a bad effect upon the Southern wing of the party. They claim that the North has enjoyed the benefits of subsidies in building railroads, and now the South asked the same thing in aid of the development of their section. One of the first effects of the action of the Pennsylvania Democrats is adverse to the Speakership for Randall. Unless he can clear his skirts, his Southern friends will turn their votes in for some one more favorable to Southern interests. If this anti-subsidy feeling is to be general among the Northern Democrats, there will yet be some chance for an administration Speaker, for the President is known to be in favor of any reasonable measures for the development of the South, which includes internal improvements.

—The Russian soldiers are said to live and fight almost wholly upon tea. The Cossacks often carry it about in the shape of bricks, or rather tiles, which, before hardening are soaked in sheep's blood, and boiled in milk, with the addition of flour, butter and salt, so as to constitute a kind of soup. The passion of the Russian for this beverage is simply astonishing. In the depth of winter he will empty twenty cups in succession, at nearly boiling point, until he perspires at every pore, and then in a state of intense excitement, rush out, roll in the snow, get up, and go on to the next similar place of entertainment. So with the army. With every group or circle of tents travels the invariable tea-cauldron, suspended from a tripod; and it would be vain to think of computing how many times each soldier's panniken is filled upon a halt. It is his first idea. Frequently he carries it cold in a copper case, as a solace upon the march.

[illegible] victory for the Anti-Dunkinites, who rolled up a majority of one thousand one hundred and sixteen against the bill. The total vote polled is as follows:—Nays, 4,063; yeas, 2,047. Notwithstanding the many defeats of the Dunkin Act it has been the means by which an approximate estimate of the public feeling as to legislative restriction of the liquor traffic can be obtained. In Toronto it was a foregone conclusion that the trade in liquor possessed an influence more concentrated than in almost any city in the Dominion. With some three hundred liquor establishments, with the merchants, wholesale and retail, whose own prosperity is more or less bound up in that of the liquor business, not to speak of the fund which the Dunkinites had on hand for electioneering purposes, it was clear from the first that the "nays" could command a solid vote against the Act. The Anti-Dunkinites celebrated their victory by a demonstration on the 23d. At half-past seven in the evening a procession, comprising about one hundred and fifty hacks, brewers' wagons, nine bands, and two thousand torches, marched through the principal streets to Queen's Park, where a display of fireworks took place. The various saloons throughout the city were illuminated in a gorgeous manner. In the procession were some twenty transparencies, with such phrases as the "Dunkin Amphitheatre to Let," "No Tyrannical Legislation," "We Advocate Lager Beer."

—As the time for the assembling of the Forty-Fifth Congress approaches the subject of party strength, in either House, becomes a matter of interest and discussion. In regard to the special session called for October 15, there is said to be no disposition to change the date to a later period, notwithstanding intimations to the contrary. The revised list of the Senators of the Forty-fifth Congress shows that the Republicans foot up 39, Democrats 33, and Independent Republicans 1. There are three vacancies, one from South Carolina, caused by the expiration of the term of Senator Robertson. For the vacancy David T. Corbin, Republican, elected by the Chamberlain Legislature, and M. C. Butler, Democrat, elected by the Hampton Legislature, are the applicants. The two remaining vacancies are from Louisiana, one for the seat filled by West and the other the Pinchback vacancy over which there has been such an incessant contest for the last five years. The applicants for these seats are Ex-Governor W. P. Kellogg, Republican, and J. B. Eustice and James Lewis, Democrats. The Senate will be the judge of the persons to be admitted to these seats. There is every probability that the investigation of the claims of the rival applicants will lead to an inquiry into the President's action in the political affairs of both of those States, and in Congress will afford an opportunity to the ultra Republicans to ventilate their views on the President's Southern policy. Should the action of the President be sustained the Democratic applicants will be likely to be admitted, which will give the Democrats thirty-six in the Senate. Should Senator Morton's precarious health prove fatal, there would be a vacancy there which would filled by the appointment of a Democrat, making 37. The Republican's 39, counts Senator Davis of Illinois, who claims, however, to be Independent. The States now Democratic but still having a Republican in their Senatorial representation are Alabama, Spencer, expiration of term 1879; Arkansas, Dorsey, 1879; Florida, Conover, 1879; Mississippi, Bruce, 1881; and South Carolina, Patterson, 1879. A change in the political complexion of the Senate before 1879 might occur through the uncertainty of human life, but nothing far short of a miracle in political results will save a Democratic majority in the Senate after March 4, 1879.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—We cannot, in the city, note the changing hues of the forest foliage, or watch the golden tints of ripening grain, but the signs of autumn are just as marked in a metropolis as in the country. In the first place the arrivals of well known theatrical stars toll of the opening of the fall season; the re-population of brown stone fronts show that the summer tours have drawn to a close; the increased interest in local and State politics suggest the cool nights when we shall be standing around the bulletin boards anxiously waiting returns; while the freshly painted signs, "Oysters in every style," reveal with mute eloquence the approach of September. No, we can no longer doubt the ultimate breaking of the back-bone of summer, and members of the can't-get-away club are felicitating one another on the pleasures they have enjoyed. and the escapes they have had from sunstroke.

Robert McWade, the second Rip Van Winkle, is in town, and will to-night open at the Arch Street Theatre, while the boards of the Walnut will this evening be occupied by that wonderful theatrical prodigy, "Baby." Numerous and brilliant are the attractions promised for those whose purses will stand the drain; but of them (the attractions, not the purses,) more anon.

One of those peculiar little local sensations which create a great deal of stir in small circles, but seldom find their way into the papers occurred here a short time ago. A young lady, the belle of a famous watering place and the daughter of a wealthy business man, was discovered by her physician to be in rather delicate situation. The parents of the fair one immediately resolved themselves into an investigating committee of two, and to their amazement learned that their daughter had been married for almost a year to an unknown clerk in the old gentleman's employ. The parents, though much disappointed, concluded to make the best of existing circumstances. The young man was made a partner in the firm; a public marriage ceremony was performed, and now every body is happy. It may be interesting to know that the young man in question comes of a good family, and in seeking and getting the employment he did, was merely following a whim. He is heir to quite a snug little fortune.

The *Press* a few days ago came out with an article which already has surprised thousands of readers, and will amaze millions by the time the news becomes well circulated. For years it has been generally supposed that the Hawthorne ballads, including the long familiar air, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," were the compositions of a lady named Alice Hawthorne, and not a few regarded this maiden as the daughter of the poet, Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is now for the first time made public that "Alice Hawthorne" is simply the *non de plume* of Sep Winner, an old and well known music publisher of this city. Mr. Winner states that he adopted this name simply because he found it more profitable than fathering his own works (another case of a prophet without honor). He has written hundreds of American ballads, most of which are familiar to all; but the most successful efforts were the totally opposite airs, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and "Ten Little Injuns," the last named having been scratched off to amuse the little ones at a family party. Mr. Winner is now about sixty-five years, but is hale and hearty, being evidently destined to live to a green old age.

Another attempt to revive the Charlie Ross case has recently been made, but no valuable points in the mystery have been elucidated. It was claimed that Nelse Parker, a negro, had endeavored to blackmail Mr. Ross by starting the theory that the child was stolen by men employed by Mr. Ross for that purpose. Nelse Parker is now in prison for attempting to murder his wife, hence his words have little weight and his story is not worth repeating.

Those of my readers who spend their summers in the country, can form no idea of the [illegible] makes but little difference where you are; the temperature is higher in the city than outside of it, but there is no necessity for any standing or walking in the sun from one year's end to the other; there is always a shady side to the street, and there are few who do not take advantage of it. But in a warm temperature anything that in the least taints the atmosphere becomes doubly offensive, and hence those who live in thickly populated districts suffer greatly from the odors from factories, out-houses, etc. This summer, it fortunately happens that the Board of Health have been very active, not only in condigning slaughter-houses, soap factories and other nuisances, but in searching out all disease-breeding places, and promptly applying the remedy.

With all this in our favor, however, a summer in the city is not to be desired. If you occupy a back room in the centre of the city it will in all probability, front on an alley in which may occur any night, or several times a night street brawls or hand to-hand encounters not unfrequently ending in pistol shots. You have no personal interests in the contestants, but you are awakened, possibly become excited, and in any event lose at least an hour's sleep, for your windows must be left open. If you select a front room, you are liable to be waked up any time of night by drunken men and women who stagger along the pavement making night more than hideous by their ribald songs and shocking profanity. Those who come from the country to spend a few days in the city find this change very pleasant, but let them attempt to live in the city all the year around, and they will wish for the peaceful quiet of their former homes with a longing that no words can express.

The straits to which Philadelphia burglars are forced in the endeavor to evade the watchful eyes of the police, frequently cause them to attempt outrages under circumstances which would make an old professional shudder. As a general thing it has been found that night robberies do not pay, for the detectives are then on their guard, and the police are particularly vigilant. In the day-time the crowds on the streets make crime so dangerous that less caution is then observed by the conservators of the peace, and those who prey on society are therefore compelled to choose between the broad light of day, with its numerous chances of capture, and the darkness of night, with the certainty of detection. On Saturday, at noon, a jewelry store on Eighth street was entered by a respectably dressed individual, who desired to look at some watches. The proprietor, R. J. Marquart, was just lifting out a tray when he was dealt a number of heavy blows on the head by the visitor, who used as his weapon a piece of lead pipe, previously concealed beneath his coat. The fellow started off with three watches, but was soon overtaken and caught. Marquart's skull was fractured, and as yet it is impossible to say whether his injuries will prove fatal or not.

This is Governors' Week at the Exhibition. Eighteen Governors are already on the way here, and seven more will soon start. The States not represented by their Chief Executives will probably send subordinate officers, the intentions being to get together an assemblage representing every section of the Union and, if possible, inaugurate trade movements which will prove of mutual and common benefit. A full report of the exercises which will celebrate the stirring events of this exceptional season will appear in my next epistle.

C. W. F.

—A train was wrecked on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad at an early hour yesterday; eighteen persons are known to have been killed, and many others injured.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 27, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—If President Hayes thought anything about it at all, when he passed through our village on Thursday night and Friday morning—stopping for rest and refreshment at that very comfortable inn, called the Fifth Avenue Hotel—he must have thought what a cold, careless, unpatriotic and indifferent people we are. Fresh from his Green Mountain hand-shaking and agricultural triumphs, it must have been strange for Mr. Hayes to find himself almost unnoticed in the metropolis. But such was the case. The distinguished party occupied the regular Presidential suite of rooms on the Twenty-fourth street corner, but outside of a few Custom House politicians, the proprietor of the hotel, and the servants who attended them, no one knew, or seemed to know, about the greatness in our midst. The truth of the matter is, that we are very busy just now getting ready for fall, and we can't be exuberantly loyal. Although the outlook is not the most encouraging in the world, big exertions are being made to produce a regular Francis Murphy and Widow Van Cott revival, combined, in business. The merchants are returning to the city much earlier than has been their wont, and I have seen faces every day, all through the torrid summer, that generally grace sea-side balconies for a month at a time. If you take an early morning stroll up Fifth avenue, you will notice that unusual stir in the world below stairs which presages the speedy appearance upon the scene of the higher powers. Everything points to an early fall—to a desire to give up polo and croquet, and grapple with the real difficulties of life.

The theatrical season, which is always a luminous edge of business matters, is much earlier this year than is usually the case. We have the new Broadway Theatre open, of which I shall speak further on, and the enthusiastic launch of Joaquin Miller's new American play. We have the Union Square thronged every night by those who are anxious to see the salacious Pink-Dominos. The Park opens speedily with Sothern; the Eagle with the Florences. Aimee is spreading her pretty wings for this shore, while Lydia Thompson is already coining dollars at Wallack's. In a few nights Mr. Daly gives us a new play at the Fifth Avenue. Booth's Theatre is being overhauled, and the cob-webs are being brushed from the auditorium of the Academy of Music. Last, and least, the San Francisco Minstrels are with us once again—opening to-night for the regular fall and winter season.

The excessive preponderance of forgery and forgery cases that is in the air at the present moment, is one of the peculiar signs of the times. The Gesner matter, that of the Winslow, Lanier & Co.'s check, and the arrest of the St. Louis bond operatives, have thrown a veil of Vidocq mystery over our daily life. When you read of kidnapped men being kept in luxurious rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with detectives patrolling the halls and waiting for extradition papers—the hour not being ripe enough to rush the prisoners into a police dock—you generally read of a romance. We have had this little scene enacted, however, during the past few days. This man Gesner, who has a pretty wife—all these roughs have pretty wives—is now in the Tombs. He is connected with Roberts and Gleason, the great Erie bond forgers, who are living luxuriously in Ludlow street jail, whence the great Donohue, of Hornellsville, has just departed.

What a lucky idiot Donahue is! Some time ago he was a mere workman about a country car-shop. But there came the flame of burning Pittsburg to light him to glory. Now he is being treated with by the agents of lecture bureaus, and certain asinine capitalists are going to back him with enough money to start a paper to be called "The Striker." He is an undersized individual of the most commonplace characteristics, who seems to stagger under the load of greatness thrust upon him.

We are all agog with rifle-shooting and the prospective [illegible] arrived on the City of Richmond on Saturday afternoon. Our boys are practicing constantly at the butts on the shooting range, and promise to give a good account of themselves. Let us trust that they will. There are several ladies with the visiting riflemen, and it is the evident intention of the party to make the trip one of pleasure and victory. As an American, I am willing to do all I can to enhance the pleasure, but I fire wide on the victory.

All this talk about shooting reminds me that the Seventh Regiment's new Armory is approaching that desirable, matter-of-fact condition, thanks to the kind help of outside friends. If there is anything the average New Yorker idolizes outside of his wife and his children, it is the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. It can't parade for the purpose of showing a new cut of white pantaloons without Broadway being black with enthusiastic admirers, who willingly drop their work to see the grey-breasted lines go solidly by to the music of their elegant band. The enthusiasm is well bestowed, for the "Seventh" is a glorious body of militia.

While continuing in the martial line, Nick Muller's West Point Cadet must be mentioned. They say about town that young Minnie, his protege, was thrust upon him, but I am not prepared to vouch for the truth of the statement. The rumor goes that when it was known that he intended to put his West Point gift up at the commendable auction of competitive merit, an up-town political rival entered Minnie for the race, keeping him as a "dark horse," being thoroughly assured that he would win, and intending to enjoy the discomfiture of Muller. You can believe this if you choose; I don't believe it. I simply know that Muller has done a manly part in sticking by his colored cadet, and is winning golden opinions on all sides. He could not go back on Minnie, however, without sacrificing his reputation for square dealing in the most shocking manner.

The new play of Joaquin Miller's, *The Danites*, is a success. It isn't the most evenly constructed drama in the world, but it is thoroughly American, and is running over with luxuriant genius. After the muck called *Ah Sin*, it comes like a godsend. The new Broadway theatre, where it is performed, which used to be Wood's Museum, is handsomely re-fitted, and made the appropriate shrine for a native dramatic success. I only regret that *The Danites* is not the work of SANS NOM.

THE PITTSBURG ROBBERS.—Detectives at Pittsburg are actively engaged in recovering the goods stolen from the loaded cars and depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The property forms a singular collection, embracing boots and shoes, an immense wood-carving, cushions, mattresses, spittoons, framed time-cards, an encyclopedia, forty barrels of flour—each minus a baking or two—a tierce and twelve barrels of lard, 300 hams, kegs and barrels of whiskey and high wines, glassware, hardware, shovels and picks, bales of wool, a complete Jersey wagon, leather, rope, bundles and barrels of leaf tobacco, block tin, beeswax, oatmeal, boxes of foot-rules, lamp chimneys, coffee-mills, gas-stoves, palace-car furniture, sewing-machines, carpets, oil-cloths, muslins, ready-made clothing, yarn, harnesses, whips, flags and the like. Seven Saratoga trunks full of clothing were found in one house and eleven barrels of flour in another. Eye-witnesses of the riot tell of auctions where circular saws three feet in diameter sold for fifty cents, and a car-load of sewing-machines brought from $1 down to ten cents apiece.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

—It is rumored that the Jews are about to purchase Bedford Springs, and make a sort of National sanatorium for that sect. The price is set down at $250,000. This property has been for sale for years, and the price asked may not be exorbitant, but somehow it has found no purchaser.

☞ The annoyance occasioned by the continual crying of the Baby, at once ceases when the cause is (as it should be) promptly removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, 25 cents per bottle.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

CHICAGO LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 25, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—There were arrested last week, in this city and vicinity, two of the ablest and most dangerous forgers whom this country has known for a long time. One of them, who had the adroit fingers, was N. S. Gesner, who served during the war in a New York regiment, but who has recently lived in Minnesota, and was a member of the State Legislature. The other was sometimes called Stephens and sometimes Henderson, and had a score of other names. He was the planner—the one who laid out the campaign. Last fall they defrauded one New York bank out of $20,000, and the Union Trust Co. of $40,000. The police were first entrusted with the duty of following up the forgers, but were bought up abandoned the chase. Then it was put in private hands, and for four months the parties concerned were followed all over the country. The object was to get the men so located that they could all be arrested at once, and to do this required these weary months of chasing and decoying. They were often on the verge of pouncing down on them, and then one fellow would slip out, and the job had to be abandoned. Finally Gesner was decoyed to Chicago, and with a local accomplice named Weston, arrested and locked up at an hotel. Stephens was seized at the same moment in Michigan, and the men who put the checks in circulation were taken in New York. It was their custom to buy drafts for small amounts, take tracings of them, then obliterate all the writings except the cashier's signature, and then fill in the large amounts, the tracings furnishing fac-similes of most of the letters needed. In the case of checks they were forged outright, and from some one in the bank was learned the exact amount of a person's deposit, so that the forgers knew just what they were checking against. There was found on Gesner a most perfect assortment of utensils—inks, acids, rules, pens, microscopes &c., and on Weston a mass of washed checks, and a great quantity of these tracings. It is believed that during the ten years which cover the operations of these two accomplished swindlers, they have made over a million dollars. Neither was ever suspected. Stephens was a man of wealth, an operator in stocks on Wall street, or grain in Chicago, and whose check was always good. Gesner was of high reputation in his section. The Chicago accomplice who was arrested was merely a tool, who introduced at banks the person who had to work off the raised checks. He will probably weaken, and tell all he knows. He and Gesner were confined for two days at the Pacific here, kept chained to their guardians, and constantly moved from room to room, so that no one, not even a chambermaid, could get an idea that there was anything out of the way.

On the 10th of August General Robert C. Schenck, late Minister to England, made his appearance in the city. A few days after he suddenly left. A reporter who saw him when he came, found out that it was private business which brought him, but what it was he would not state. It is now rumored, however, that he was invited by some Chicagoans who had read his book on poker-playing, to come and give them some instructions in a game in which they took a deep interest, and of which he professed to be a grand master. He was greatly pleased by this tribute to his superior knowledge and came on at once that he might impart of his science. The disciples met him at a club-house, and there was a lesson, with pictorial illustrations, which lasted all night. The General it is reported, was so delighted with the capacity and quickness of understanding shown by the Chicagoans, that he insisted on their taking all the money he had, and also a check for $300, which he drew up on the spot. Of course they were unwilling to take the money, but he was urgent about it, and they could not disoblige an honored guest. After this little seance, he went home and has not been heard of since.

Now the Chicagoans say that the General fell below their expectations as a poker-player. High as a theorist, but as a practical man they deny him merit, alleging that the broad, bold, dashing player of the metropolis of the West, discomfited him mightily, and that the rules and regulations prepared for the British slaves of regal honor, would not stand for a minute against the onslaughter of freemen, who knew what they were drawing to, and always drew it. They sum him up as a McClellan of the art, good on paper, but very defective on the card-table.

W. H. H.

Point Pleasant Items.

In the items last week, the name of the champion bass fisher should have been Samuel H. Lerch, instead of Samuel H. Serch.

Charles Soliday has put up a new fence in front of his mother's residence, thereby improving the appearance of that part of the village.

The lime business has been very brisk for the last few weeks, and the Lake Bro.'s have been kept busy from early morn until late at night, to keep enough on hand to supply their customers.

The dancing party, held at the Sulter House, on last Saturday evening, passed off very pleasantly. A party of men came up from Lumberton and tried to raise a disturbance, but were soon put to flight by the rest of the young men in attendance.

Last Sunday morning, Rev. George Young, pastor of the Baptist church, preached a very interesting sermon from the 2d. chapter, and 30th verse of the 1st. Book of Samuel: "Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

On Monday evening, Willie Koch, who has been staying at Robert Iron's for the last few weeks, fell from a tree, and broke both arms above the wrists. The broken bones were set by Dr. A. M. Cooper, and at last accounts the boy was doing well. The boy's parents reside at Leidytown, Pa.

Irregularity of the Mails.

POINT PLEASANT, August 28th, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—In the *Bucks County Intelligencer*, of August 25th, is found the following item: "There is complaint of the irregularity of the mails at Point Pleasant." This item gives us to understand that there are "irregularities" of the mails at this place, but the writer thereof does not tell us in what way these "irregularities" exist; whether it is in the arrival and departure of the mails, or whether it is in the distribution of mail matter, after it has arrived at this office.

The people receiving mail matter at this office seem perfectly satisfied. We have heard no complaints from any one, and if the person or persons making the above complaints will tell us, through the columns of the *Intelligencer*, in what way these "irregularities" exist at the Point Pleasant post office, we will inquire into the matter and if we find that such is the case, we will gladly acknowledge it through the columns of the GAZETTE; and if we find that no such "irregularities" exist at this office, we shall publish that fact through the columns of the same paper, to vindicate our postmaster. If, however, they fail to give us any further explanation in the matter, we shall take it for granted that they could not substantiate their charges, and that no such "irregularities" exist.

CORRESPONDENT.

—The San Diego *World* says: San Diego has a young gentleman telegraphic operator, who, after repeated calls for a young lady operator, in another office for attention, at last got a response, and then, "click, click click," he telegraphed back to her vehemently, "I have been trying to get you for the last half hour!" In a moment the following spicy reply came tripping back to him over the wires from the maiden: "That's nothing; there is a young man here who has been trying to do the same thing for the last two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

EDITOR GAZETTE:—We have read with much pleasure the reports given in your columns from time to time of the temperance meetings held in our borough, and have congratulated both speakers and hearers upon the spirit generally characterizing them. It was therefore with regret that we noticed the exception taken in your last issue to what might be called simply a coincidence, viz: the repetition of an incident by a speaker, which had been previously given to a Bristol audience. A week or two ago, while picturing the depths of degradation to which strong drink will bring even the proudest and wealthiest citizens, Mr. Laverty gave a leaf from the experience of a personal friend while at a St. Louis hotel. In its narration Mr. Laverty took the part of the eye-witness, using the first person, but not until he distinctly stated, that *the friend* gave the order for the bartender to fill the glass of the shattered wreck. On last Saturday evening Mr. Love, of Philadelphia, the original actor in the scene already mentioned, addressed the meeting, and referred to the incident as having come under his own observation. Now we can see nothing incompatible with truth in these *facts*, and such we know them to be, not only by the hearing of our own ears, but the confirming testimony of others, and the personal corroboration of the speakers. A similar misunderstanding occurred two weeks ago when Mr. Godwin used the first person, in quoting from a father's heart rending story, whose only boy had fallen a victim to intemperance, concluding thus: "and that young man was my son." It was immediately settled by the superficial listener that Mr. Godwin was the suffering parent, although during his remarks he stated that he had but two children, a son and a daughter who both seconded his labors in this good cause. It is from a simple desire that justice be done our esteemed friend Mr. Laverty, that we send these hastily written lines, feeling it ungrateful to permit even the shadow of a discrepancy to rest on his name.

L.

[In accordance with what has always been the policy of the GAZETTE in all matters of public interest, we have endeavored to give full, correct and impartial reports of the temperance meetings which have been held, and believe we have in the main been successful in doing so. The report in our last week's issue is no exception, and we adhere to the statements made therein. Before the report was written, our representative was fully convinced that it was correct as it afterward appeared in print, but to make assurance doubly sure, he sought corroborating testimony from a number of other persons whom he knew to be more than "superficial listeners," and was confirmed in his belief, and since the correctness of the report has been questioned, the inquiry has been continued, and not a single person thus questioned has been found but agrees that the facts are as we stated. It may be, and probably was so, that Mr. Laverty intended to bring in "the friend" when relating the incident, but nevertheless "the friend" was conspicuously absent. If by our publishing a true report, merely relating events as they actually occurred, Mr. Laverty or Mr. Love was placed in a false position, as George Stepenson said of the cow, "so much the worse for" Mr. Laverty or Mr. Love. Our only reason for alluding to the matter was simply a desire to have it explained, inasmuch as "what might simply be called a coincidence," was causing considerable adverse criticism, which we thought an explanation would disarm.

But something more than the apology offered by "L." will be needed to convince many persons that there is "nothing incompatible with truth" in the facts which are as we presented them. The allusion to Mr. Godwin has no relevancy to this case: first, because only he related the incident; second, because the report of his speech was written out from notes furnished by a person inexperienced in such business, who was, therefore, very liable to fall into error, while all our other reports have been written from notes of his own, by one trained to the work, who is very careful and painstaking in getting at the truth of matters.]

EDITOR GAZETTE:—When it became known that the Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia was to be opened on Sunday, the writer heard it remarked: "I hope it will fail," and "all Christian people should not visit it again."

But why this narrowness? Whence arise these notions concerning the Sabbath?

When the Sabbath was instituted by Moses, it was as a day of rest, on which the Jewish nation should abstain from all servile work and rest themselves through innocent and rational enjoyment, but this idea became more and more contracted as the Mosaic age receded in the distance, until in the time of the Maccabees a sect arose that considered it not lawful to take arms in self defense.

In the sixth chapter of Joshua, we find the Israelite Host under the command of Joshua marching around Jericho once daily for six days, and on the seventh day marching around it seven times. In this legend the Sabbath occurred during the week, but no mention is made of any observance of it, and we think we may draw from it this conclusion: That long after the time of Moses, when this legend was invented, the Sabbath was still observed in its primitive simplicity as a day of rest from servile work, and not as a day of fasting and mourning, as many have striven to make it. The Jews, even at the time of Christ, considered the Sabbath as a day on which to feast with their friends.

But the manner in which the ancient Jewish Sabbath was kept, we have nothing to do, as we have positive proof that it is not essential to the religion of Christ.

The Christian Church recognize in Christ their great head from whom all their ordinances and religious acts proceed; but we find no command of Christ to keep the Sabbath, while other commandments of the decalogue are mentioned several times by him. Luke, in the fifteenth chapter of Acts, gives the appeal of the Apostles to the Gentiles, and among the necessary things for them to perform, no observance of the Sabbath is mentioned, which, if it had been necessary to keep it, would most undoubtedly have been stated, and Paul in his Epistle to the Colossians distinctly asserts the the abolition of the Sabbath. But we go to Irenaeus, A. D. 178, who informs us that the observances of the Sabbath is no longer necessary. Thus Christ, the Apostles, and the early fathers, all agree as to the abolition of the Sabbath, but with this abolition was the institution of the Lord's Day on the first day of the week. This Lord's Day was "a day of joy and cheerfulness, rather encouraging than forbidding relaxation," and in all the writings of the Fathers until the time of Constantine, "work does not appear to have been formally interdicted, or rest formally enjoined."

But Constantine, soon after his acceptance of the Christian Religion, published an edict prohibiting work and all judical business on the Sabbath, except in the rural districts where the Pagans abounded, and where he knew it would not be observed. Succeeding ages have followed in Constantine's path, and have gradually encircled the Lord's Day with more and more material ideas, until in the last century some most absurd and unjust laws were placed on the statute books of the different States, and many still remain as indelible stains to the States thus concerned.

But even if the strict observance of the Sabbath could be proved from the Sacred Books of the Jews and Christians, we could take better ground by treating these Sacred Books for what they are, namely: The record of only two of many faiths that have had possession of the human mind, and by showing that the doctrine of their divine revelation has no more weight than the like assertions of other religions that their Sacred Books were also revealed. By thus treating these books in their true light, we could prove that the Sabbath, as generally conceived, having become a mere relic of ancient times, is not only a decided hindrance to our civilization, but an evil likewise, and consequently it ought to be done away with. As man advances further and further in his steps toward knowledge, the old material religion, which was necessary for time in times gone by, must necessarily pass away, and we will learn for the first time the real spiritual religion taught by Christ and other Masters in other religions.

D.

Special Notices.

Many who are Suffering

From the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whiskey, two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks" and in time frequently become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and the life supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. For debility arising from sickness, over exertion or from any cause whatever, a wineglassful of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's seasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all druggists.

A TIME-HONORED SPECIFIC.—The long and successful career of Dr. WISHART'S PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL, as contrasted with the speedy collapse of nostrums devoid of efficacy which have from time to time been puffed into a brief notoriety during the twenty odd years that this celebrated medicine has been sold, affords a proof that the American public *continues* to repose its confidence in deserving articles only. The PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL has long been recognized as the leading specific for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Diptheria, and all other diseases of the breathing organs. It is, moreover, a certain, speedy, and safe botanic remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Disorders, Scrofulous Affections, Urinary Troubles, Gravel, Dropsy, Debility, Constipation, and Female Complaints. Constantly accumulating evidence of an unimpeachable character establishes the fact that it not only entirely eradicates the diseases to which it is adapted, but also that its action is remarkably prompt and thorough. The crucial test of experience has demonstrated its reliability in every particular. Sold by all druggists. Principal Depot, No. 916 Filbert St., Philadelphia. 604

JOHN W. EARLEY,
Wholesale and Retail
Cheap Toy and Variety Store,
NO. 103 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Express Wagons, Rocking Horses
Baby Coaches, Wax Dolls,
Mechanical Toys, Wheelbarrows,
596 Patent Doll Heads and Bodies.

DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS most persons are liable to complaints of the stomach and bowels—pain, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, &c. Every family should have something on hand to correct the trouble at once, for, besides the annoyance, the disease is greatly aggravated by its continuance. PURSELL'S CHOLERINE MIXTURE has been in use for several years and with good results. No better remedy can be used. 667

Hemorrhoids or Piles
Permanently eradicated in two to four weeks. No knife, ligature or caustic used. No charge until cured. No failures. Send for circulars. DRS MARTIN & FERRIS, 1107 Chestnut St., Philada. 859

Miscellaneous.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
977 Philadelphia.

UNDERGARMENTS
READY MADE
At What the Material Would Cost.

I HAVE ADDED TO MY ALREADY LARGE AND EXTENSIVE STOCK

A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF
LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS,
At very low prices.

LADIES' CHEMISES.
LADIES' CHEMISES.
LADIES' CHEMISES.
LADIES' CHEMISES.

LADIES' DRAWERS.
LADIES' DRAWERS.
LADIES' DRAWERS.
LADIES' DRAWERS

WHITE SKIRTS.
WHITE SKIRTS.
WHITE SKIRTS.
WHITE SKIRTS.

CORSET COVERS.
CORSET COVERS.
CORSET COVERS.
CORSET COVERS.

CHILDREN'S SLIPS.
CHILDREN'S SLIPS.
CHILDREN'S SLIPS.
CHILDREN'S SLIPS.

LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.
LADIES' WHITE SACQUES.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Next to Canal Bridge,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

Trenton.

Clothing Ready Made.
THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN TRENTON.
OVERCOATS FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS.
Dress Suits, Business Suits, School Suits,
In full variety, of honest materials, well made and trimmed, at right prices. We buy everything for cash and WE KNOW that we sell Clothing cheaper than the large cities *for the same quality of goods.*
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.
A full line of American and Foreign Goods on hand TO MAKE TO ORDER. Increased effort to secure handsome fitting, stylish garment assured. We invite your patronage.
SINCLAIR, VANNEST & WEST,
33 East State Street, Trenton, N. J. 908

WILLIAM BLINN,
Cigar Manufacturer,
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Foreign and Domestic Cigars and Tobacco,
79 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J. 547

For School Books and Stationery,
GO TO
BREARLEY & STOLL'S New Store,
20 E. State Street, Trenton.
CROQUET, BASE BALLS, BATS, PICTURE FRAMES, &c. 570

Reliable House. Bottom Prices
WEST, CLARK & CASE,
Wholesale Grocers,
618 STOCKTON STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

CHAS. STAKEMAN,
The Jeweler,
NO. 19 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
HAS the most complete stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Silver Ware Clocks, Gold and Steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Gold Neck, Guard and Vest Chains, Spoons Knives, Forks and Napkin Rings, fine Solid Silver Goods made especially for bridal gifts, and a large variety of other goods generally kept in a first class Jewelry Store. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. [619] NO. 19 EAST STATE STREET.

JOHN E. THROPP. DUNCAN McKENZIE. PETER WILK
THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines,
BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street, Trenton, N. J. 704

WHY NOT
Buy Frank Leslie's Paper Patterns of us?
They are the Cheapest,
In greater variety, and undoubtedly the newest in style and cut of all the Paper Patterns in the world.
WE HAVE 100 MORE STYLES THAN ANY OTHER DEALER IN BRISTOL.
Before you Buy call and get a Catalogue and see for yourself.
WHY NOT
Buy of us?
J. H. BOSTWICK & CO.

WHY NOT?
Will anybody answer the question why people won't buy Paint or anything in Bristol, instead of going to Philadelphia. Why not spend your money at home, and let it do us all good.
I have tried hard to sell
AVERIL PAINT,
(the best in the world) for more than a year, and yet people will go to the city and pay more, and have all the trouble and freight to pay.
NOW LOOK HERE.
I will sell
1 gallon in cans, for $1.95 per gallon.
2 " " " " 1.90 " "
5 " " kegs, " 1.85 " "
10 and over, in kegs, 1.75 " "
Why Not Buy of Me.
J. H. BOSTWICK.
899

ANY PERSON having any article in his or her possession, borrowed from the Grove during the late Temperance Suppers, are requested to return the same to No. 23 MILL STREET, at their earliest convenience. Persons having lost anything during the same will please call at the same place—several articles having been sent there to await ownership
897 MRS. E. J. GROOM.

WILLIAM STUCKERT, Doylestown. JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol.
WM. & J. C. STUCKERT,
Attorneys at Law.
OFFICES—Doylestown and Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa. 618

For Rent.
TWO SMALL HOUSES on RADCLIFFE STREET near the Hollow Bridge, at $7 and $10 per month. Apply to
864 CAPT. WM. J. JONES.

For Rent.
A NEW HOUSE OF SEVEN ROOMS, ON OTTER STREET. Possession given immediately. Apply to C. M. TAYLOR, corner of Radcliffe and Mulberry Streets, Bristol, Pa. 860

To Let.
HOUSE No. 24, N. W. side of Wood street above Market street, in the Borough of Bristol. Apply to JAMES DAY,
890 Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

Wanted to Rent or Buy
A FARM OF FROM 25 to 50 ACRES. Good House and out buildings. Address, W. E., Burlington, N. J.
858

THE ANNUAL MEETING AND ELECTION of the INDEPENDENT MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, will be held at "Murray's", Bustleton, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1877, at 2 o'clock. Polls open from 2½ to 4 o'clock.
891 LESTER COMLY, Secretary.

$25 Reward.
I WILL give the above reward for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person who cut the trees in front of the Cottage Hotel on last Saturday night or Sunday morning.
899 GEO. S. SILBERT.

Wagon for Sale.
Apply to HARKINS & PRAY,
884 Durrance Street, Bristol.

ROBERT KENNEDY,
WHOLESALE
Chair and Cabinet
MANUFACTORY,
No. 5 Chancery Street, Trenton, N. J.
EXTENSION TABLES, &c. 575

Watches. Watches. Watches.
AT COOK & JAQUES', TRENTON.
Engagement and Wedding Rings
on hand and to order.
AT COOK & JAQUES', TRENTON.
Ladies Opera and Leontine Chains,
AT COOK & JAQUES, The Jewellers
The latest in Solid and Choice Neck Chains, Lockets, and Crosses, at
COOK & JAQUES,
568 THE JEWELERS OF TRENTON, N. J.

A. HAMMER,
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Hardware, Guns, Revolvers,
Hunting Apparatus and Fishing Tackle.
and will sell the same at greatly reduced prices
Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.
7 SHOT REVOLVERS, full Nickle plate, $2.50.
ASSANPINK BLOCK, GREENE STREET,
818 TRENTON, N. J.

H. C. LOVEJOY'S
PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GALLERY,
No. 10 West State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.
Photo-Miniatures, Photographs, Ferrotypes, Frames, Etc. Particular attention paid to copying. 625

Persons Wanting
MILLINERY, TRIMMINGS,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear,
WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT
23 E. State St., Trenton,
BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE, where they will find a large and well selected stock at prices lower than ever before offered. Also full line of
HAIR GOODS.
COMBINGS made up at the shortest notice.
E. A. BUCHANAN,
23 E. State Street, Trenton, N. J.
N. B.—Stamping and Embroidery done to order. 708

Pennsylvania Railroad
NEW YORK DIVISION.
On and after July 1, 1877,
Trains to and from Bristol Station
For Philadelphia.
Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M., 12:46, 4:06, 7:21, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 12:35, 3:09, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:46 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.
For New York.
At 1:16, 6:45, 8:11, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.
For Trenton.
At 6:45, 7:58, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:34, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, and 7:44, P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:49, 8:17, P. M.
☞ The 7.58, 11.09, 11.47, A. M., 2.59, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.
From Trenton.
At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A. M., 12:15, 12:20, 2:50, 3:40, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:20 noon, and 9:14 P. M.
From Philadelphia.
Leaves Kensington Depot, at 6:00, 7:12, and 10:15 A. M. 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 6:00, 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.
From New York.
At 8:15, and 10:25 A. M., 12:55, and 6:55 P. M.
From Philadelphia, Westward.
Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.
For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.
For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.
A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A. M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.
For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.
F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager. D. M. BOYD, Jr. Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.
THE STEAMER
Edwin Forrest
Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.
Leave Arch st. wharf. | Leave South Trenton.
Thursday, 30, 2½ P. M. | Thursday, 30, 6½ P. M.
Friday, 31, 2½ P. M. | Friday, 31, 6½ P. M.
Saturday, 1, 6½ A. M. | Saturday, 1, 10½ A. M.
And 3 P. M.
Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.
Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts. All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 755

Resumed Trips.
STEAMER TWILIGHT.
ON and after TUESDAY, MAY 1st, 1877, the splendid Steamer TWILIGHT leaves Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 10 o'clock A. M. and Bristol at 10½ o'clock, stopping at all the above Landings each way. On the 3 o'clock trip only as far as Bristol, leaving there at 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cents; Excursion 40 cents. 766

Daily Excursions.
THE STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA
Will leave Bristol at 7.10 A. M., and 4 P. M., for Philadelphia, touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 P. M. Fare, 25c. each way. Excursion, 40c. 263

The Electro-Magnetic Mallet
Is used for filling teeth by
DR. G. W. ADAMS,
East Cor. of Radcliffe and Franklin Sts., Bristol, Pa. 869

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, August 30, 1877.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 8.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS.—Close at 7.45, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE.—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

SORTS.

—All the mills of Bristol are running to their full capacity.

—Walter Shelton is erecting a house on Spruce street.

—Hon. S. B. Conover, U. S. Senator from Florida, is sojourning in Bristol.

—Rev. Wm. S. Perkins has perchased Mrs. Green's property on Radcliffe street.

—Ellwood Doron is building two brick houses corner of Cedar and Walnut srreets.

—The members of the Baptist Church are making arrangements to hold a fruit festival.

—E. L. & H. B. Banes are making further additions to their machine shop, on Dorrance street.

—Rev. Mr. Banstein will preach in the Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning and evening.

—The Bristol Rowing Club will try the shell which they contemplate purchasing, this evening at 6½ o'clock.

—The steamboat John A. Warner, will make another excursion from Bristol to Sea Breeze on September 4th. The boat will leave Bristol at 6:15 A. M.

—Charles E. Banes, has been re-appointed to his former position in the Treasury Department at Washington. Does the yacht club thereby lose its President?

—A tramp was killed near Cornwell's Station on Monday morning, by the newspaper line. His body was brought to Bristol where an inquest was held, after which the body was buried in the Friends' burying ground.

—Robert E. Brown, while painting up at Elwood Doran's houses on Washington street the other day, put his watch in a closet, intending to get it when he went home, but upon going for it sound it missing. He watches for the return of his watch in vain.

—The Doylestown *Intelligencer*, unadvisedly says that its circulation is greater than any other two papers published in the county. The GAZETTE and the *Democrat* have a much larger circulation than the, boasting *Intelligencer*, and we hope that that paper will make the necessary correction without its attention being again called to the matter.

—James W. Martin Esq., is a candidate for the Democratic nomination of Coroner. As Mr. Closson declines another nomination this leaves the contest as far as Bristol is concerned between Mr. Martin and Dr. Groom. As both are gentleman of well known integrity, and are fully qualified to fill the position, we will have an efficient Coroner if either one is chosen.

—Mrs. Susan Hibbs, residing on Buckley street, was burned seriously on Saturday evening by the explosion of a lamp. Some men hearing her scream went in, found her clothing in a blaze and threw carpets around her, thus probably saving her from fatal injury. She had been asleep on a sofa, previous to which she had put the lamp on an unused stove in the kitchen, and whether she heard the explosion of the lamp and rushed out and took hold of it, or whether she arose while asleep and overturned the lamp causing it to explode, she does not know.

—Monday evening a team was driven up Otter street in such a peculiar manner by two colored lads, that it came in contact with the huckster wagon of William W. Smith, who was with a son of Thomas Clear thrown out and bruised considerably, the latter quite seriously. The colored boys proceeded on their journey, while Smith's horse having by the shafts being broken, got loose, ran away down Mill street and collided with the team of H. T. Stoake of Newportville, doing some damage to the carriage, but injuring no one.

—The Hulmeville *Beacon*, referring to Dr. Groom's candidacy for nomination as Coroner, pays him this deserved compliment: "We learn from the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE that our old friend Dr. Groom, is a candidate for the nomination of Coroner on the Democratic ticket this fall. Without any disparagement to any other candidates for this office, we think the Democrats could not do a better thing than to nominate the Doctor. It is such men as he that gives character and strength to a ticket. The Dr. resided in this section at one time, and in the whole of the lower end of the county he is well and favorably known."

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, August, 29th: Rachel T. Atkinson, Martha Burton, Wm. Bosley, Hannah Boyle, Michael Boyle, Isaac Booz, Mr. Beator, John Casey, H. H. Chester, A. P. Chase, Mary Curran, Bridget Coyle, George W. Cutler, Emma Campbell, Cora Ellis, C. B. Foster, Samuel W. Groff, John Goslin, John Hibbs, Sarah E. Hitchens, Albert C. Hart, Robert Hunter, John C. Hibbs, C. E. Knight, John Kelly, Charles Killingsworth, Julia Mutchnuff, James E. Magill, Fred Mauer, Ellen Mackie, John Milliken, Ellen McDonald, Catherine McGill, Annie Price, Wm. Pullen, A. Y. Pelice, G. F. Pierson, Jane Rephun, Christopher Reilly, George Royer, Wm. Shearky, Harvy Smith, Emma Street, Mrs. E. Tayler, Harriet Ward, Thos. S. Williams, Sarah I. Watson, Martha Witcraft, Amy L. Wright, Caroline L. Wright.

Who Will Take it Up?

There have been rumors of a project on foot for building a new hall, but like the old woman's soap it has gone back. More's the pity. It would seem in this matter as in some others that "now is the accepted time," for there are builders in Bristol willing to take hold of it, and aid materially in building a good substantial structure that would accommodate the wants of the community and be an ornament to the town. An estimate has been furnished by one of our carpenters for putting up a rough brown stone building, cut stone front, 60 by 120 feet, capable of seating 1,000 people, for $15,000, which with the cost of the land would make it about $20,000. He would also agree to take one-third of the stock, and the man who would do the mason work would take another third, and under certain circumstances, one half, leaving only one sixth or not $4,000 to be raised from other sources. If this proposition is not accepted we do not think a new hall will be forthcoming very soon, for no more favorable offer could be made unless some one should be generous enough to put up a building and present it to the town. But why shouldn't the borough accept the proposition and take the opportunity thus presented of obtaining a decent town hall? besides getting this there would be a chance to benefit some of the laboring men, who are out of work.

—Sitting Bull has returned to the United States with 1,000 warriors, and fears are entertained that he will unite with Chief Joseph.

Temperance Here and Elsewhere.

Cabeen's Hall was not full to overflowing on Saturday evening to listen to the interesting address which was delivered by a gentleman from Philadelphia. The weather was very warm, and it required any one to be very enthusiastic in the cause to stay in such a stifling atmosphere throughout the entire meeting. At the grove on Sunday afternoon the attendence was not as large as on previous occasions, but still there was quite a good sized gathering. Mr. Samuel Swain opened the meeting with a short speech, introducing Rev. Mr. Conard, who came forward and said he had not expected to make a speech that afternoon; he had spoken so often that he feared his remarks might have the same effect as the sermon of a minister he had read of, which a listener informed the minister upon being interrogated, that it was (1st.) very soothing, as he noticed a number of people asleep; (2d.) very stirring, as a good many persons got up and went out, and (3d.) all satisfying, because those who heard it would never wish to hear it again, but as he had been called upon, Mr. Conard did not think it would be proper to shirk the duty, which was fortunate for the audience, or they would have missed one of the best addresses that have been made during the series of meetings. He referred to the manner in which all the religious denominations had joined together—throwing aside their theological differences to prosecute the good work in which they were now engaged. In Bordentown the work, he said, had not been successful, because of the want of united effort on the part of the churches, which were kind of "offish" toward one another. This, he was so very much pleased to know, had not been the case here, as every meeting demonstrated plainly by the presence of representatives from the Roman Catholic and Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, both branches of the Friends, African and Baptist, and those connected with no religious denomination, all working harmoniously together for the good of their fellowmen. He alluded to the importance of speaking a pleasant word, and encouraging in every way possible those who had given up drinking, and even if any were tempted and fell, they should not be treated as though they did not belong to the human family, but spoken too kindly, and it might be that after falling ninety-nine times, that the next effort would be the successful one. This, the speaker continued, was illustrated by one of those who signed the pledge in Bristol and had broken it (allusion to which, and the fact of an hotel keeper refusing to sell liquor to him, having appeared in one of the papers.) This poor fellow came to me to sign the pledge again, and I did not feel the least bit like scolding or lecturing him, but told him how sorry I felt for him, and how glad I was to know that he was willing to come back, and the young man felt, I could see it in his countenance, that I was interested in his happiness, and it may be that the recollection of this scene will be a great aid in keeping him steadfast; it is always so encouraging to know that somebody takes some interest in you. Mr. Laverty followed, and spoke pleasantly and effectually for a short time, directing attention to the influence each individual, or body of individuals possessed, either for good or evil. The influence of the temperance meetings in Bristol could not be estimated, for, besides being instrumental in starting successful meetings in Tullytown and Emilie, persons within a radius of forty miles had been induced by hearing of the work, to sign the pledge. Bristol had immortalized itself. He related several incidents connected with the work in Tullytown, and read from a letter written by one of the men who had come forward and signed the pledge, a description of the struggle he was going through. The man said: "I have been tried in the fire for 48 hours, but the embers are fast going out spark by spark, and I have not been singed." In conclusion, Mr. Laverty urged every one to remain steadfast, and keep their names unsullied by a single ignoble act. Rev. Mr. Cook then being introduced, said he would make his speech while the choir were selecting a piece to sing, which he did by simply saying that he concurred in all that had been said, and thought there was no occasion for anything being added, although he afterwards took occasion to express his gratification at the union which existed, which he hoped would continue, between the different sects, and said he could not approve of the Christianity which showed what Mr. Conard had called an "offish" spirit. The congregation then separated to meet again next Sunday.

AT TULLYTOWN.

The meetings have been continued, and have been well attended. On Thursday and Friday evenings, delegations from Bristol were present, and on the latter occasion, which closed the series, interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Slack, Samuel Swain, Mr. Laverty, and others. Mr. Laverty's address was very interesting, and his description of Sheridan's ride, although not so dramatic as when Mr. Boughton used the incident in Bristol to illustrate his remarks, was very effective. It would be better, however, if there did not seem to be such a lack of illustrations among the speakers, that they each have to use the same ones. Over 300 signatures have been obtained to the pledge, and as the meetings will still be kept up on Sunday evenings, the whole village may be brought in, eventually.

MURPHY MEETING AT LANGHORNE.

Tuesday evening another meeting was held in the Methodist Church, to consider the prospect of a temperance revival. Three gentlemen from each borough and township in the lower end of the county were appointed to meet next Saturday night, at Langhorne, to organize and make further arrangements for a mass meeting, the middle of September, to be addressed by Francis Murphy. The gentlemen from Bristol borough, were Samuel Swain, Dr. Potts, Ellwood Doron; township, J. M. Longstreth, W. Minster and Philip Wisler.

Morrisville Notes.

The 15th day of August was a very stormy day, and we felt sorry for the children belonging to St. Mary's Catholic Sunday School, in Warren St., Trenton, for that day they held their picnic in the grove. There was a very large number present notwithstanding the rainy day.

Several of the young gentleman and ladies in this vicinity, attended the picnic at Pennington, and declared it to have been a very nice affair.

B. F. Ettenger's boot and shoe store was entered several nights since by breaking open the front door. Nine pairs of shoes and one pair of boots were missing next morning.

Messrs. E. P. Wright and S. Eastburn are buying calves and selling them to farmers in the vicinity. At least one hundred and twenty have been purchased and nearly all of them disposed of. Mr. Wright purchases them in New York State.

Morris's on the island, just below Morrisville had a water melon party the other nigh; dancing was the principal amusement.

David Taylor, treasurer of lyceum, received a check of twenty-two dollars, as our share of the proceeds of the re-union at Langhorne Park.

Mr. Woodruff, County Superintendent, held a meeting at Penn Valley school house in Falls Township, for the purpose of making suggestions to the teachers in regards to manner of opening their schools, etc., for the fall term. The teachers of this borough met with those of Falls Township. School opens next Monday.

The rain on the 22nd did considerable damage to the goods in the cellar of Mr. Davis, the druggist.

—Atlantic City Review: Drowning cases occur almost invariably when the tide is running out. There is no danger when the tide is running in. Persons often experience difficulty in getting into deep water when the breakers come rolling in, but when the tide recedes the opposite feeling is experienced.

Langhorne Notes.

Improvements are slowly but surely gaining favor. John LeCompte is raising and enlarging his house on Bellevue Avenue, with a mansard roof, and an addition to his back buildings; new board walks are laid in front of the Friends' Meeting house property, and the houses of Mrs. Mary Winder and S. Newbold on Maple Avenue.

It is desired that the tidal wave of Temperance should roll in and around us, and a meeting on Friday night to secure the co-operation of other towns and villages, for a grand mass meeting in Langhorne park, was held in the Methodist church, with Rev. C. Townsend, President; and Thomas Eastburn, Secretary: Francis Murphy and others will be invited to address the five to ten thousand who will surely gather on that occasion. May success crown all such honest efforts throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The dull weather prevented as large an attendance as usual at the Friends' First-Day school picnic on Saturday last, but Monday saw Neshaminy Falls Grove occupied by a fishing party of young people who made the welkin ring with shouts of merriment. Social picnics of all descriptions, and among all classes are in vogue. "The Irish" of Newtown held one on the evening of the 28th inst, in Langhorne park, and on the 31st, the second of a series to be held this season, was a grand success.

The readings by Rev. A. Ramsey at Bellevue, were smilingly received as he depicted many scenes in the life of "Josiah Allan's wife." The vocal and instrumental music furnished by the guests was enjoyable.

The congregation at the Methodist church on Sunday, listened to two good sermons from the Rev. Gilbert of Yardleyville, the ministers of the respective churches changing places for the day.

Public school has opened. C. Rarson Dyer taking charge of both departments for one mouth, when Miss Sara P. Flowers will teach the primary.

The *Newtown Enterprise* corrects a few typographical errors in the notes from this place to the GAZETTE, but we would modestly inquire when Byron wrote the "Lady of the Lake," as recited at the Lyceum re-union, and reported in the *Enterprise*. Our knowledge of literature may need reburnishing, but we believe it would be to their advantage to study the writings of the English poets more thoroughly before quoting authors.

Warminster Notes.

Peter Boyles, of Warminster, died at his residence, August 18th, aged 82 years. Deceased was an old member of Loller Lodge, I. O. of O. F., of Pa.

Jacob M. Search has moved from Ivyland to Southamptonville, to a house belonging to Isaac P. Hellings, and vacated by George Boileau.

Jacob Bussenger with his force of workmen are now busily engaged in building the masonry of the new county bridge over the Neshaminy at Warner's ford.

A boy, 14 years of age, boarding from the city at John Stackhouse's near Davisville, met with a painful accident on Wednesday of last week, by having his hand and arm caught in a thresher, which was running after the belt had been thrown off. The arm has since been amputated below the elbow by Dr. I. N. Evans, of Hatboro', assisted by others.

The ladies of Neshaminy Presbyterian Church, at Warwick, held a fair at the Hall at Hartsville, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week. The proceeds for the assistance of one or two new churches in Montgomery county.

A course of five lectures will be given at the Laller Academy, Hatboro'.

The new teachers for the public schools of Warminster opened their schools on Monday of last week.

At the large Temperance Hotel, Ivyland, there are many boarders from the city.

Samuel Delaney is having a new carriage house built.

Jesse Edwards is lying dangerously ill at his residence, Ivyland.

J. Johnson Beans, Esq., is having an addition built to his barn.

Trumbower & Murfit, coal and lumber dealers, at Doylestown, purchased at Sheriff's sale, the real estate of Edwin Lacey, at Ivyland, consisting of a large number of town lots, together with a good switch on the track of the North East Pennsylvania Railroad at that place.

Newportville and Vicinity.

Two young men journeyed to the vicinity of Langhorne one evening last week to visit their fair inamoratas. They spent part of the time in tuneful song, and became so fascinated with the sound of their own voices that they concluded to charm the people along their route home with snatches of melody. They imagined they were impressing every one favorably, until when near a farm house an old codger stuck his head out of the window of his house, and in an excited manner cried out: "Where, where, where's the fire," after which the young men pursued their journey in silence.

C. Lindhurst is building a new barn, and intends building also a wagon house, under which he will have an ice house.

3,000 cartloads of manure from Philadelphia have been landed at Flushing, and on the bar at Green Lane.

The Flushing saw mills will stop running on the First of September. The proprietor has sawed up all his logs, but as most of the lumber is still unsold, he has concluded to shut down.

School begins next Monday—both the old teachers are coming back.

Last Sunday afternoon there were plenty of teams on the road en route for the colored camp meeting at Eddington. The object of the visitors however, was not to get good but to have some fun. No minstrel show in the country can get up as good an entertainment as can be witnessed at some of these meetings, which are often a disgrace and a burlesque. While returning from the camp, Z. T. Blinn and Reuben Watson's wagons became entangled, both were upset, and Blinn, Watson and Lendrum King thrown into the ditch. No great damage was done to the vehicles, but Blinn was hurt quite severely.

Southamptonville Notes.

A little boy five years of age, boarding with his mother at Joshua Bennett's, at Davisville, met with a painful accident Sunday afternoon. He was playing with some others in a wagon, when he fell out to the ground, breaking his arm above the wrist, and dislocating the elbow joint. His mother, Mrs. Paterson, resides in Frankford, and had come out to spend the summer at Mr. Bennett's, when the accident occurred. The surgical aid of Dr. J. C. Lewis, of this place, was obtained, and the patient is now doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

A young man in the employ of John Stackhouse, while engaged in threshing, had his hand torn off. After the belt had been thrown off, he gathered up some loose heads of wheat and threw them in, the machine catching his hand, thus causing the accident. The hand was amputated by three professional men from Hatboro'. He is now doing well.

The anniversary of the Davisville Baptist Sunday School will be held in Goentner's Grove, on Wednesday of this week.

The rails used at the Centennial grounds have been purchased by Mr. McHugh, contractor at this place, and will be removed thither for a track for dirt cars, to aid in removing the dirt and rock in Sylman and Rhoad's cut, on the Philadelphia and Newtown Railroad.

Southamptonville now boasts of a tailor. All she wants now is a railroad and a barber shop, then it will be the happiest little town for miles around.

—It is estimated that 6,000,000 people will die of famine in Southern India.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

Contributions for this department should be addressed "Editor of Rod and Gun column," Bucks County Gazette, Bristol, Pa. No anonymous communications will be noticed. Names will not be published if objections be made.

Rail Shooting.

To gunners in this vicinity the opening of the rail bird season on Saturday will be welcome. Plover shooting has, with us, become almost a thing of the past, and the few woodcock which breed along the Delaware have left for their moulting grounds. Rail shooting is a favorite sport with many because it may be enjoyed with less muscular exertion than most other sports, inasmuch as the shooting is done from a boat propelled by another man's muscles. The rail or sora is exceedingly fond of two or three varieties of the wild reed which grows upon almost all the tide-water marshes from Connecticut to Florida. The seeds begin to ripen early in August, and with the ripening of the seeds the birds arrive. They are thin and unpalatable until about the tenth of September, at which time they fatten rapidly and are fit food for any man. But in order to obtain the full flavor of this delicious bird—for we set a high gastronomic value upon a fat, clean-killed rail—it should be quickly cleaned after being shot, as no bird so rapidly deteriorates, and broiled in a wire gridiron, such as is used for broiling oysters, hung before the fire with slices of toast beneath to catch the delicate juices. The rail is no pot-pie bird to be stewed up in a mass of soggy crust and chewed with a dire premonition of dyspepsia. He is dainty in his eating, nothing but the choicest grains of the delicate wild rice satisfying his fastidious taste, and we should be equally dainty in preparing him for our own eating.

Most writers assert that the flight of the rail is feeble, slow and straight, but we have met with lean and hungry ones on our marshes which could in twisting outtwist a snipe. Generally speaking, however, they are an easy bird to kill. From a drachm and a half to two drachms of quick powder, and an ounce of Sparks' No. 10 shot, is ample for the fat and lazy fellows. The pusher is the main element in rail shooting. He must not only have a strong arm and a quick eye but be "steady on his pins," and a good marker. The rule in this section is for the pusher to mark the first bird and the shooter to mark the next, but where four or five birds are down before any are boated, as is often the case, it is well to have a half-dozen wooden blocks or well-corked glass bottles to be thrown to the points at which the birds were marked down. A wounded rail is a hard bird to capture. He will often dive and hold to the bottom while the boat passes and repasses over him. Rolling up the shirt sleeve and feeling carefully at the foot of the reeds with the hand sometimes answers for these chaps, but the plan which we have always found most successful is to thrust the oar, blade downwards, into the mud and go on pushing in another direction. After a lapse of ten minutes we return quietly and find our bird swimming within a few feet of the oar, when he can easily be knocked over with the setting-pole.

The sport of rail shooting is varied with reed bird shooting, snipe, plover and teal shooting. A light, fifteen-foot boat, a good pusher, a box with compartments for powder, shot, caps and wads, if a muzzle loader, or for cartridges if a breech loader is used, and a light gun which can be readily handled are necessary. Before the tide rises sufficiently to float the boat upon the marsh an occasional shot will be had at plump, fat reed birds, lazily feeding on the reeds, two or three dozen of which are not to be sneezed at when made up into reed-bird dumplings or snugly ensconced in baked sweet potatoes. High overhead, too, will often be heard the plaintive whistle of the plover, upon hearing which, the gunner drops in his boat and imitates the whistle until the unsuspecting bird is brought within gun-shot, when the masked battery opens and a cloud of feathers floats upon the breeze as the deceived one falls at the feet of the deceiver. Swift as a ray of sunlight penetrating gloom, the teal will rush by the boat in strong, unvarying flight, and the gunner's eye must be sharp, his arm steady and his trigger easy if he would bring the beautiful bird to bag. Up from the reeds, with zigzag motion but strong pinions, the Wilson snipe darts, and a dozen guns belch forth as he runs the gauntlet, for the snipe is a trophy to be mentioned with pride. The tides are highest when the moon is at its full, and no equinoctial storm is ever heavy enough to deter an ardent rail shooter if he sees a strong "north easter" setting in. Donning his water-proofed canvas suit and securing his ammunition from wet, he and his pusher may be seen making rapid strides for the marshes. This is the time when the breech loader and metallic shells come in play, and as the tide rises the sport increases. Black ducks hurtle by, teal skim along the water and the rail can be seen in all directions running over the submerged reed. The only drawback to the man who still clings to the muzzle loader is the wetting of his powder by the driving storm. Otherwise he cares nothing for the wet for he knows that there are dry garments at home and he wants to come in "high boat."

Rail birds often appear to be stupefied and demoralized by the rapid, continuous shooting and run over the reeds as though they forgot that they had wings. Two years ago, a curious incident was witnessed on the Kinkora marshes. A friend was pushing rapidly over the reeds to start a rail bird which was running ahead, when the bird suddenly turned and jumping on the stem of the boat looked up with a quizzical expression, as if to say "What are you going to do now: You can't shoot me without spoiling your boat." But our friend was equal to the emergency. With a quick movement, he threw his hat over the bird and secured it, unwounded. That bird was carried home and remained cheerful in captivity for some time.

There is always danger in this sport. Often a gunner may be within a few feet of a companion but hidden from him by a heavy mass of reed. If a bird rises, the chances are ten to one that he will fly in the direction of the other boat, and the chances are equally good that the man in the boat will receive a portion of the load unless he is made aware of the position of the shooter. Care, therefore, is necessary to ascertain the direction of other boats before venturing a shot. There are men who appear indifferent as to where their shot lodges, provided they kill their bird, but the number is fortunately few, and in this sport the doctrine of *lex talionis* is almost always carried out. It is a rule of the marsh that if a shooter peppers you through recklessness you have a perfect right to pepper him in return, and this remedy is found to be effectual. It makes the recipient of the return load very careful in the future. It is true that one is liable to excitement when the birds are getting up in all directions, but one who has no control over himself at such times is not fit to be entrusted with a gun. There are also men who will pick up a gun by the muzzle and draw it across the thwarts of the boat in a hurried manner, but you generally read their funeral notices a few days later. Lucky would it be if they were always the only sufferers from the effect of their carelessness. Such men can rarely secure the services of a good pusher, for no one wishes to be in the same boat with a man who exposes himself and others to danger for a bird which has a pecuniary value of scarcely six cents.

In Virginia, the rail is known as "sora," and the manner of killing it is very different from that in vogue farther north. The hunting is done at night. Each boat is provided with a short mast having a rude iron cradle affixed to the top, in which lighted pine knots are placed. The birds fly to the light like moths to a candle and are knocked over by paddles. The same method is practised in the Carolinas, bushels of them being taken on a single trip. Both the Virginia and Carolina rail are found on the Delaware, with an occasional king rail but the yellow breasted and the black rail are exceedingly rare. We should like to be informed of the capture of either of the two last damed varieties during the season.

—A correspondent of the *Times* gives the following laughable proof of the perfect understanding and sympathy that exist between a Cossack horse and his master. "Many stories are told of the cleverness of the Cossacks in obtaining what they need for themselves or horses, and all tend to show that their morality is of a different type to that of European civilization generally. Some of the stories may possibly have been invented, but they show the general tone of feeling and what is expected from these quaint, reckless, merry troops. Passing through the streets of Galatz, the thin, weary-looking horse of a Cossack fell suddenly and lay apparently lifeless on the ground. Its master was moved even to tears, and bewailed the unhappy fate which had not only deprived him of a favorite, but left him horseless just at the most interesting moment of the war. A crowd gathered round, and in it were men whose kind hearts would not suffer them to leave the poor man without some practical expression of their pity. A subscription was made, and the man, taking the saddle from the lifeless animal, went on his way with dried tears, for he had actually wept. As the crowd were bending over the little horse in pure sympathy, a whistle was heard at the other end of the street. The horse sprang to his feet, and with a joyful neigh joined his master, whose clever trick was much admired, even by those who suffered by it."

—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* gives his experience in outwitting the mosquitoes, by constructing an insect-proof tent:—Two stakes, three feet high, with a pole across the top, made the framework, over which the big sheet was put, with the edges extending out over the grass three or four feet. These extended flaps were loaded with stones and wood, so that not a fly could crawl under. One end was closed in the same way, and the other shut down after we had crawled in, and the edges pinned closely. Of course the interior was small, and the ventilation not of the best, but during a week in the mosquito land scarcely one of the pests succeeded in effecting an entrance. Sound sleep left us in the best of condition to sail and fish, and not once did the tent fail to protect us. The tent should be a simple parallelogram, a little longer than wide, and sufficiently large to extend several feet along the grass. With proper cloth the ventilation is not bad. The heat of a close tent, however, is little annoyance compared with mosquitoes.

—It is a curious fact, observes the *Graphic*, that the crack shots chosen to make up the American rifle team are natives of our larger cities. The Leather-stockings and Deer-slayers of the forest, of marvelous skill in drawing a bead, have disappeared. They are eclipsed by the man of the town, who doubles himself upon the ground like a patient suddenly stiffened in the writhings of cholera, and makes a central shot at 1,000 yards. But the man of the town has the most practice. He is stimulated by the prospect of a world-wide fame and high stakes. He has a greater variety of targets and practice. There are targets and practices at the butts on the plain, and occasionally, in troubled times, targets and practice on rioters in the metropolitan streets. For the country marksman the wild turkey, deer and bear have nearly disappeared. Nor do rioters fill their places. An occasional tramp, it is true, invites a shot, but does not come often enough to make the practice regular. For such reasons does the country marksman lag behind his compeer of the town.

—The greatest pie on record was made at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, in 1762, as a present to King George, and weighed three hundred and eighty pounds. It contained two turkeys, four wild fowl, two geese, four ducks, one wild goose, six wild ducks, three teal, two starlings, twelve partridges, fifteen woodcock, two guinea fowls, three snipe, sixteen plover, three water hens, six widgeon, one curlew, forty-six yellow hammers, fifteen sparrows, two chaffinches, two larks, three thrushes, one fieldfare, six pigeons, four blackbirds, twenty robins, one leg of veal, half a ham, three bushels of flour, and thirty-six pounds of butter. History does not say whether or not this pie was contemporaneous with the one made famous in Madam Anser's work:

"When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing," etc.

—The editor of the *Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun* has been trying to take an afternoon's nap, and this is what he found out:—"The peculiarity of the fly is that he always returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he always returns to another spot. Thus he differs from the leopard which does not change his spots. This is an important fact in natural history."

—According to the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* as the fisherman enters the Moosehead Lake region, he comes to a sign-post surmounted by the antlers of a moose, on which is this inscription, "No Sunday beyond here."

—The current number of *Fur, Fin and Feather* is fully up to the usual standard of excellence attained by that useful publication. The latest corrections and alterations in the game laws are given with the usual compendium of entertaining matter on a variety of subjects.

—An epidemic of some kind is prevalent among the deer on South Mountain, Pa. Several have been found dead and others found with bodies drawn up, cramped and almost bent double.

—We would state for the information of those interested, that the Temperance Festival held in the grove last week, realized $215.80, above all expenses.

—The *Burlington Hawkeye* man scores one on this:—All the large fish are not caught in the eastern waters. The other day Mr. Isaac C. Herron, Agency avenue, this city, was angling for the finny inhabitants of the limpid Mississippi up in Judge Simpson's fishing grounds, above Oquawka. He was fishing with a hand-line and had met only with moderate success until about 11 o'clock in the morning, when the line was seized and ran out with such violent rapidity that it set one of the wooden rowlocks, around which it had taken a turn, on fire. In his efforts to extinguish the flames and capture the fish, Mr. Herron upset the boat and was thrown into deep water. The line was tangled about one of his legs, which seriously impeded him in his efforts to regain the boat and right it. Fortunately, he managed to get hold of an oar, which assisted him in keeping his head over water. The fish meanwhile was rapidly towing him out into the river, and Mr. Herron now thoroughly frightened, gave up all hope of securing it, and bent only on saving himself shouted lustily for help, for he was utterly unable to break the line. His cries for help attracted the attention of some raftmen, who immediately manned a boat and started to the rescue of the unfortunate man, whose condition was now of extreme peril. The fish, however, rapidly towed its almost exhausted victim over to the Iowa shore before the raftmen could reach him, pulled him up on the bank, ran into the woods with him, climbed a tree and hauled Mr. Herron up after it, and was just on the point of cutting his throat with his dorsal fin, when the limb on which they were seated broke and precipitated them both to the ground, where the raftmen, who had just come up, killed the fish with boat hooks. It proved to be what is known as a "channel catfish," and weighed, when dressed, a pound and a half, and was nearly five inches long. Mr. Herron, although bruised and exhausted by his fright and rough handling, is not seriously injured, and is able to be about as usual.

—To prepare fish skins: skin your fish carefully, but do not be particular as to leaving a little meat on. Spread the skin in layers and sprinkle with salt and alum, or make a pickle in a small keg of a weak solution of carbolic acid. Any remaining flesh can be scraped off afterwards and the fish set up by a taxidermist. Many of the most delicate fishes with large scales will not stand the above treatment, to say nothing of mounting them afterward—*From Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer.*

—Senator Morton, of Indiana has been very ill from another attack of paralysis, but at last accounts was considered better and out of immediate danger.

—The Turks have blockaded the Shipka Pass on three sides, and expect to capture it.

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, August 29, 5 P. M.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Flour is in better demand. Extra at $5; Minnesota extra family, good, at $6 50; choice at $6 50 a 6 75; fancy at $7; Wisconsin do. do., good, at $6 37½; Pennsylvania do. do., good and choice, at $6 75; fancy at $7; St. Louis do. do. at $6 75, and Patent and other high grades at $7 50 a 9. Rye Flour is steady at $4 per bbl. Corn Meal is inactive and may be quoted at $3 25.

GRAIN.—Choice red and amber Wheats are in good request, but the absence of supplies restricts trade. Pennsylvania red, in the cars, at $1 35; Western, No. 2 do. in the elevator, at $1 34; do. do., in cars, at $1 35; Delaware amber, fair, at $1 40; do. do., choice, at $1 42 a 1 43; Ohio do., choice, at $1 38; Indiana do., choice, at $1 40; Michigan, white, fair and prime, at $1 45 a 1 50, and fair Illinois do. at $1 34. Rye is dull at 60 a 61c. Oats are in good demand and 1c. per bushel higher. Fair and white Western at 31 a 33½c.; choice at 34 a 37c.; good and choice light mixed at 29 a 32c.; Delaware at 29 a 31. Corn is in light supply, but the market is firm. Pennsylvania, Southern and Western yellow, in the cars and grain depot at 59 a 60c.; Western mixed do. at 57½a58½c.; very choice do. do. at 60c.; and sail, mixed, in elevator, at 57½c.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday, August 27, 5 P. M.

Beef cattle were in good demand this week, and prices were firm; about 1900 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 6¾a6½c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers, 5¾ a 6c. for fair to good do., and 4 a 5c. per lb. gross for common, as to quality. Sheep met a fair demand at 4 a 5½c.; receipts, 12,000 head. Hogs were steady at 7 a 7½c. for common, and 7½ a 8c. for prime corn-fed.

At the North Philadelphia Drove Yard the Cattle market was quite active; 1200 head sold at 4¾a6¾c. per lb. gross, as to quality. Sheep were in fair demand; 3000 head sold at 4 a 5½c., and 700 lambs at from 5¾ a 6½c. per lb. Hogs were steady; 700 head sold at from 7¾ a 8c. per lb., as to condition.

FARMERS' HAY AND STRAW MARKET for the past week: Loads of Hay, 340; Straw, 81 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 80c. to 90c.; Mixed, 65c. to 80c. Straw, 55c. a 65c. per 100 lbs.

New and Notable.

☞ Wanted—By every one who has an intelligent conception of its value, Health. Health depends upon the possession of pure blood; and pure blood is the sure possession of those who use Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture, acknowledged as a superior blood purifier.

☞ Read the *Lakeside & Seaside* Library at Callanan's.

☞ Brown Paint ready mixed, for sale cheap at Girton's Roofing and Paint Works, Bristol, Pa.

☞ For gentlemen's cheap furnishing goods go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap clothing go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ A $1.50 Book for 10 cents at Callanan's.

☞ For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

☞ A $2.00 Book for 20 cents at Callanan's.

New Advertisements.

Timothy Seeds at Lowest Market Rates.

ALSO ORCHARD, HERD, BLUE GRASS, CLOVER and LAWN GRASS; Fruit Ladders, Cider Mill, Apple Parers, Corn Knives, Tobacco Points, Twine, &c., at

J. W. CORNELL & CO.'S, Farmers' Store, 88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Cabbage, Spinach and other Fall Garden Seeds.

Found.

NEAR THE WATER WORKS, AN UMBRELLA. The owner can have it by proving property and paying for this advertisement. Apply at THE WATER WORKS. 910

Instructions on Piano and Organ,

AT the residence of Pupils, by a lady of experience. For address, apply at 78 Bath Street, Bristol. Terms, $8 per quarter. 903

Clawson Seed Wheat.

500 BUSHELS CLAWSON SEED WHEAT for sale, on the Trevose Farm. Price, $1.75. Apply to C. W. TAYLOR, or STRICKLAND KNIGHT. Hulmeville, August 27th. 900

Timothy Seed.

NEW TIMOTHY SEED for sale at Newportville Mill. All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for Seed. Highest cash prices paid for Wheat, Rye and Corn. ISAAC C. FETTER, Newportville Mills, Bucks County, Pa. 901

Wanted---Energetic Man

TO take the General Agency for Bristol for the sale of CLOTHES WRINGERS, FLUTING MACHINES, and other salable goods by the instalment plan. Good inducements offered. Undoubted references required. WALLACE & SOUDER, 228 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. 902

School Tax Notice.

THE subscriber will be at the Town Hall, Bristol Borough, on WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, the FIFTH AND SIXTH DAYS OF SEPTEMBER, 1877, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., to receive the School Tax for 1877. CHARLES S. BAILEY, Collector. 905

Soldiers and Sailors, Attention!

ALL honorably discharged Soldiers and Sailors of Bristol and vicinity, are invited to meet at the Town Hall, on THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 6th, at half past seven o'clock, when matters of interest will be presented for consideration. A punctual and full attendance is earnestly requested. 912

Groceries, Provisions and Notions.

MONTGOMERY & SON,

WILL OPEN THEIR NEW STORE NO. 7 DORRANCE STREET, Bristol, on the 4th of September, where will be kept constantly on hand CHOICE GROCERIES, NOTIONS, &c., which we will sell as cheap as can be sold anywhere for the same quality of goods.

Thankful for past favors, we solicit a share of patronage.

N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange. 911

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF MARGARET RILEY, late of the Borough of Bristol, Bucks county, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to ELIZABETH WHITELEY, Administratrix, Bristol, Bucks County, Pa. Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney. 906

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF ANN McFEETERS, late of Bensalem Township, Bucks County, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to ELIZABETH McFEETERS, Executrix, Eddington P. O., Bucks County, Pa. Or to B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney. 907

EXCURSION TO SEA BREEZE.

The Splendid Steamboat

JOHN A. WARNER,

WILL MAKE an EXCURSION to SEA BREEZE,

On Tuesday, September 4, 1877,

Leaving Bristol at 6.15 A. M. Touching at Burlington 6.30; Beverly 6.45; Andalusia 6.55; Torresdale 7.05, and Riverton 7.15.

Returning, will arrive at Bristol about 8.15 P. M. Meals and Refreshments on board.

FARE FOR THE EXCURSION, 75 CENTS. 912

FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION

OF THE

DELAWARE VALLEY Farmers' and Mechanics' Agricultural SOCIETY,

WILL BE HELD AT LAMBERTVILLE, Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th, 1877.

☞ Competition invited from all parts of the country. The Fair Grounds are located within one mile of the railroad. The Grounds, Buildings and Track are superior to any in this State, or any other.

Excursion Tickets at reduced rates, will be sold by the Pennsylvania R. R. Company to Lambertville, during the days of the Exhibition.

GENERAL ADMISSION, - 25 Cents. Children under twelve years of age, 15 Cts.

A. H. Heath, Pres't. J. Hayhurst, Rec. Sec'y. I. C. Roberts, Cor. Sec'y. 904

For Sale.

ONE Seven per cent. First Mortgage of $800. One ditto of $1,000. JOSHUA PEIRCE. 700

Private Boarding

FOR TWO GENTLEMEN. Apply at GAZETTE OFFICE.

Philadelphia.

THE FALL SEASON OF 1877.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER take pleasure in announcing that their preparations for the Fall business of 1877 largely exceed, in every direction, all that they have attempted in previous seasons.

During the past few months our buyers have visited the Great Centres of Production in Europe and *personally* selected latest novelties in the most desirable fabrics.

In DRESS TEXTURES the very choicest productions of the looms of France will be shown upon our counters in unrivalled assortment; while the more staple fabrics will be exhibited in immense variety.

In goods of Domestic manufacture we propose also to LEAD THE MARKET not only in great variety of assortment but in uniform lowness of prices.

REGARDING PRICES we would say, that *every customer purchasing at our house is guaranteed every advantage that can be secured at either wholesale or retail in the United States.*

Mail orders are filled promptly and satisfactorily in a special department, at the identical prices for which the goods are sold over the counters. Consumers everywhere are invited to send to us for samples of whatever they may need in Dry Goods.

Strawbridge & Clothier,

N. W. CORNER EIGHTH & MARKET STS.,

PHILADELPHIA. 909

Immediate AND Imperative Sale!

A SALE! A SALE! A SALE! A SALE! A SALE! A SALE! A SALE! A SALE!

Our favorite plan for many years, when confined to other branches of business, was not to let a season close without selling off the stock. We shall pursue this plan with DRY GOODS, and the Ladies may expect the Best Bargains they ever had from us. During Friday night a large corps of clerks were kept busy getting out all the stock remaining and fixing the sale prices so as to be ready on

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

TO GIVE THE

MOST ADVANTAGEOUS OPPORTUNITY

EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

The Sale is

POSITIVE AND IMPERATIVE,

And shall close out certain of large stocks in

SEVERAL OF THE DRY GOODS SECTIONS.

It is not only that we have no place of storage at 13th and Market, (being all one floor), but because we believe THE FIRST LOSS IS THE BEST. The city people who have postponed their purchases, and the country people who have been too busy to buy, will flock to the GRAND DEPOT, when they find out the

Extremely Reduced Prices of the Great Midsummer Sale.

GRAND DEPOT DRY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Market and Thirteenth Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA 200 LBS. POUDRETTE.

THE PHILADELPHIA POUDRETTE

IS A

Complete, Natural, Organic Manure.

The constituents of this fertilizer are produced by the soil, consumed by man, and when returned to the soil in the shape of excrements converted into poudrette, furnish the essential nourishment required by the plants. The reports we have thus far received from farmers who used the Poudrette on wheat last fall are highly satisfactory.

Twenty-five Dollars per Ton delivered in Cars at Philadelphia.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF THE FARMERS WHO USED THE POUDRETTE ON WHEAT LAST FALL.

We, the undersigned farmers, used the Philadelphia Poudrette last fall (1876) on wheat and rye. It gave us entire satisfaction, and we believe it to be an excellent fertilizer for both summer and winter crops.

J. L. MOYER, Souderton, Montgomery Co., Pa.
W. WOODWARD, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
H. C. HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
A. B. F. COPE, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
H. Y. HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
DAN'L KRATZ, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
SAMUEL ALTHENSE, Perkasie, Bucks Co., Pa.
JACOB STEELY, Perkasie, Bucks Co., Pa.
WILLIAM B. FLUCK, Quakertown, Pa.
J. & W. CRAIG, Lehigh Gap, Pa.
M. S. KULP, Telford, Pa.
ALEX. SELLERS, Telford, Pa.
JOHN GERHART, Green Lane, Pa.
H. D. BAKER, Centre Square, Pa.
J. W. LEIDY, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
A. E. GROFF, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
REV. ABEL HORNING, Telford, Montgomery Co.
J. B. BEAM, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
JOSIAH HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
GEO. H. RUTH, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
GEO. M. HARTZEL, Telford, Montgomery Co., Pa.
FRANCIS S. WEISEL, Telford, Montgomery Co.
MOYER & BRO., Souderton, Pa.
S. D. HUNSBERGER & BROS., Souderton, Pa.
ABEL LUKENS, North Wales, Pa.
TOBIAS S. REIFF, Franconia, Pa.
A. KRATZ & SON, Chalfont, Pa.

FACTORY: Thirty-first Street and Gray's Ferry Road.
OFFICE: 1136 Market Street, Philadelphia.

H. E. LUTZ, Proprietor. 838

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE SAD STORY OF BLOBBS AND HIS PULLET.

In a tiny country villa lived our Blobbs, but all alone;
Never wife or chubby children this staid bachelor had known.
Yet—for hearts *must* cling to something—he had made himself a pet
Of a little snow white pullet, with her wings just tipped with jet.
Daily feeding and caressing, these had won the pullet's heart;
Following close her master's footsteps, seldom they were far apart;
And his love grew deeper, stronger, with the passing of each day—
"Wiser far than any woman," wicked Blobbs was wont to say.
Near by rose a wondrous structure—architects their brains had racked—
Cross between a Chinese temple and a cruet-stand, in fact,
This the pretty pullet's dwelling; here she hastened every night;
Perched on high, became a *rooster* till the dawning of the light.
One sad day a Yankee peddler, glib, persuading, passing by,
Gazed at Blobbs and that poor pullet with a calculating eye
From his wagon's deep recesses drew, smiling wickedly,
"Johnson's Patent Hen-Persuader;" then to guileless Blobbs said he:
"Here's a marvelous invention! In this box you see a nest;
Hens at once will lay an egg here, lured to do their very best
Then behold! this sliding bottom lets the egg drop out of view,
And the hen, somewhat bewildered, lays at once egg number two!"
'Twould be useless to repeat all that this wily peddler said,
This suffices. Blobbs, unwary, by his specious tongue misled,
Bought the "Patent Hen-Persuader," set his snow-white pullet on,
Locked them both within the hen-house ere he went to town that morn.
Business then engrossed him fully, till, with numerous cares beset,
Who can wonder that the pullet and her nest he should forget;
Nothing all day to remind him; but returning late at night,
Flashed a sudden recollection, and his cheek grew pale with fright.
Reaching madly from the station, straight he sought the hen-house door,
Called his pet in tones entreating. Ah! she'll never answer more!
Full of gloomiest forebodings, in he dashes; finds the nest
Overflowing with its treasures—yes, she's done her level best
Forty-seven eggs! and near them head and tail and wings still lay,
For the poor ambitious pullet thus had laid herself away!

TRAINING CARRIER PIGEONS.—A German paper gives some details of the extraordinary developement of the breeding and training of carrier-pigeons in Germany since the late war. During the siege of Paris, as is well known, pigeons afforded the only means of communication between the outside world and the inhabitants of the beleaguered city. In order that similar messengers might be available in the hour of need pigeon-houses were established after the conclusion of the war, in most of the larger garrison towns of North and South Germany, and now pigeon-flying is rapidly becoming a favorite pastime and sport throughout the country. The increased attention thus given to the subject has resulted in the observation of many peculiarities in the birds. Carrier-pigeons of good breed, it is noticed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects his own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the neighborhood of every pigeon-house there are always certain places, trees, &c., which are usually favorite resorts of the birds, but when coming in a race the well bred pigeon never stops for a moment at any of these haunts, but flies straight to his own particular house, frequently arriving there in so exhausted a condition as to be unable even to eat the food it is most fond of. Birds which are setting, or which have lately hatched young, are generally taken in preference to others for racing; but instances have been known in which carrier-pigeons of good breed which have been taken to a fresh home, and which have hatched young there, have deserted their brood and have flown away to their original home at the first opportunity they had of escaping.

A RAILWAY WITHOUT BUSINESS.—Henry Meiggs, having constructed for the Peruvian government a railway from the city of Lima to the plateau of the Andes, a distance of about 130 miles, at an average grade of nearly 120 feet to the mile, and an average cost of $200,000 per mile, the government soon finds that it does not pay, and it is proposed to make it pay by means of a government loan or subsidy to aid Meiggs in reopening and developing the old abandoned mines of the country of the Incas and the Spanish Conquestadors. The road is the greatest marvel of modern engineering in the world. It has higher bridges, more miles of tunnel, and reaches a greater altitude than any other railway—15,800 feet above sea level, and that in 130 miles. But it commands no trade, because the region it passes through is non-productive rock, and the place of its ending is in a stagnant condition. It has not reached the navigable waters of the Amazon, and when it does the trans-continental trade will not of itself be sufficient to make it pay. Something must, therefore, be done to create a way trade, and this desideratum is to be met in the re-opening of silver mines, reputed to be among the richest ever worked, but not worked for centuries for want of capital and other facilities But for the opportune discoveries and developments of the Comstock and other mines in Nevada and Utah, it is doubtful that the Central Pacific railway would ever have paid dividends to its proprietors. The through trade, though far greater than that which the Peruvians can expect, has not so far been enough to support the road.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

DIMNESS OF THE EYES.—Dr. George C. Harlan, of Philadelphia, Pa., has lately communicated to the Medical Society of that city some very interesting observations concerning that insidious and often incurable disease, albuminuria. The presence of the disease, in cases previously unsuspected, he has discovered by examination of the patient's eyes by means of the optalmoscope. In one instance, a gentleman thirty-five years of age, a picture of health, with appetite and digestion good, complained of a dimness in the sight of the left eye, which rapidly increased, and then the right eye became similarly affected. Examination of the eyes with the instrument showed well-marked *retinitis albuminurica*. Further medical examinations revealed the presence of the hyaline casts, and the fact that the patient had reached the last stages of albuminurious disease. Two and a-half months later he died. Dr. Harlan cites quite a number of other cases of persons who considered themselves in perfect health, but in whose eyes the impress of the terrible disease was discovered, and who quickly succumbed to its power. It remains for the students of medical science to discover some means whereby the early approach of the disease can be detected and proper remedies applied in time to effect a cure.

Youth, like everything else, must be cherished; and, if we waste it in idle, frivolous dissipation, age will come before years. The faster we travel, the sooner will we get to the end of our journey. Enjoy youth in every reasonable way whilst you have it, but always remember that every time that you overdraw on it you are contracting a debt which must be repaid with heavy interest in the future. Retain youth as long as you can, neglecting nothing which will assist you in doing so, but scorning every thing which is false or deceitful. And when old age comes—as come it will, despite all your efforts, to the contrary—accept the inevitable gracefully, and attempt neither to disguise or disown it.

A POUGHKEEPSIE ROOSTER.—An unfortunate game cock, by a sad and unforeseen accident, lost his left leg. His owner, a boy of inventive genius and surgical talent, whittled out a wooden leg and attached it to the amputated member; yet the ignorant bird spent the balance of the day and part of the night in attempting to rid himself of the improvement. At last overcome by fatigue, he placed his head under his wing and retired to rest; but in the morning he had forgotten all his troubles, and trotted off with the greatest ease, much to his own satisfaction and the unbounded delight of the small boy.

The late English writer, Mortimer Collins, was fond of animals, and had faithful friends in many of them. The birds that flew wild in his garden knew him; he was permitted to stroke the blackbird while she was sitting on her nest; and was on terms of closest familiarity with the robin. He was sometimes curiously unconventional. At a formal municipal banquet to literature in London he has been seen arrayed in a velvet shooting-coat, a white waistcoat, and light trousers. His shirt was open at the neck, and a handkerchief was lightly tied round his throat.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of suet chopped fine, one pound of seedless raisins, twelve ounces of currants, twelve ounces of crumbled bread, one pound of flour, four eggs, quarter of a pound of butter, eight ounces of brown sugar, a little salt, wine glass of brandy, the rind of one large lemon grated.

A young farmer who was "no orator as Brutus is," having set his affections upon a young lady, recently proposed marriage without many preliminaries. The lady equally frank, rejoined, "Dead, Jamie, I'll tak' ye, but ye maum gie me my dues o' coortin' for a' that."

THE
Cheapest Store in Bucks County.

DRY GOODS.

Ladies braided skirts, 65 cts.; gents fine linen handkerchiefs, 2 for 25 cts; ladies fine linen handkerchiefs, 7 cts, or 5 in for 25 cts; skirt braid, 5 cts; elegant embroidered handkerchiefs, 5 cts.; best spool cotton 6 cts.; pins 2 cts. paper; children's linen suits, $1.50; Summer shawls, 75 cts. up; calico, 5 cts. yd.; table linen, 20 and 22 cts. yd.; French flowers, 8, 10, 12 and 15 cts. spray; elegant dress goods, 8 cts. yd.; muslin, 5 cts. up; all wool cassimers, 50 and 75 cts.; a large stock of embroidery, 5 cts. yd.; ladies', gents' and childrens' hose, 6 cts; all shades dress chintz, 7 and 8 cts. yd; ladies linen suits, $2.75; ladies cambric skirts, 75 cts; elegant 2-button kid gloves, 50 cts.; elegant black lace scarfs, 30 cts. 1-4.; children's sun bonnets, 16 cents; crash, 7 and 10 cts. yd.; splendid striped towels, 5 cts.; cheviot shirting, 8 and 10 cts. yd.

CLOTHING.

Splendid vests, 65 cts.; strong working pants, 85 cts.; good working shirts, 35 and 40 cts.; gents linen bosom dress shirts, 75 cts.; calico shirts, 50 and 60 cts.; boys calico shirts, 50 cts.; summer under shirts, 25 cts.; blue flannel shirts, $1.00 and $1.10; boys blue shirts, 90 cts. overalls, 35 and 40 cts.; mens suspenders, 10 and 15 cts.; paper collars, 5, 10 and 15 cts. box; gents fine stiff felt hats, 75 cts. all the style; gents soft felt hats, 85 cts. and $1.00; boys soft felt hats, 35 cts., men's and boys coats at cost ation prices. We are the sole agents for the celebrated $1.00 "Pearl" shirt, the finest and cheapest white shirt in the market.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's working shoes, $1.00; mens plough shoes, $1.25; boys stout shoes, 85 cts; mens Congress gaiters, $1.35 and $1.50; mens tapped sole boots, $2.50; youth's congress gaiters, $1.25; gents calf skin handsewed calf gaiters, $3.00; gents calf skin walking shoes, $1.85; mens extra heavy buckle brogans, $1.50; ladies' kid-lined walking shoes, $1 00; a lot of women shoes, 45 and 65c.; ladies' pebble leather buttoned shoes, $1.15; ladies' slippers, 65 cts.; children's shoes from 15 cts. to 62 cts pair. A full and complete line of children, misses and ladies shoes, which we guarantee to sell as cheap if not cheaper than any city store.

GROCERIES.

Splendid black, green or mixed tea, 40 cts. lb; black or green tea siftings, 25 cts. lb.; good Rio coffee, 20, and 22 cts. lb.; best Rio coffee, 25 and 28 cts.; finest Java coffee, 33 cts. lb.; pure spices at lowest rates; black pepper, 7 cts. qr. or 25 cts. lb.; ground nutmeg, 5 cts. lb.; ground mace, 5 cts. oz.; large bottles extract vanilla, 15 cts., lemon 15 cts and extract rose, 18 cts. bottle, Dobbins' starch polish, 10 cts. box; best corn starch 11 cts; wash blue, 2 for 5 cts.; stove polish 3 cts.; laundry starch, 5 and 6 cts. lb.; blacking brushes, 15 cents; gent's 1 quart fruit jars, $1.20 per doz.; washing soap, 3 and 4 cts.; London mustard, 10 cts. box. Sugars always the lowest. Hams' shoulders, &c., at lowest market price.

TINWARE.

Large sized milk pails, $2.25 per doz.; large tin cups, 5 cts.; ½ gal. coffee pot, 30 cts.; 1 gal. 25 cts.; dinner kettles, all complete, 40 cts.; 1 qt. oil cans, 15 cts.; ½ gal. oil cans, 20 cts. A large and full line of Crockery, at very low prices.

GLASSWARE.

Splendid glass sets, 4 pieces, 35 cts. set; extra fine sets, 4 pieces, 60 cts.; tumblers, 45 and 50 cts. doz.; molasses cups, 20 cts. Just received a large assortment of lamps at 25 and 30 cts. complete; a very large and pretty lamp, 50 cents, complete; large and small covered dishes, very handsome, from 33 cts. to 75 cts.; individual salts, pretty pattern, 50 cts. doz., lamp globes, 5 and 8 cts.; desert dishes, 35 cts. doz; and everything at the same rate of cheapness,—BUT FOR CASH.

J. H. WOOD,
86 Mill Street, Bristol.
Cor. Mill and Wood Street
Wholesale Office, No. 6 Strawberry St., Philadelphia.

LOOK HERE!

For Six Weeks from the 1st of June

I will take One Dozen CARTE DE VISITES PHOTOGRAPHS for TWO DOLLARS, just half price.

I have also invented a new mode of lighting the face during the sitting, which will give the face more roundness and clearness.

Now is Your Chance for Six Weeks Only.

J. H. BOSTWICK.

Time Extended Indefinitely.

COME ON YOU THAT WANT CHEAP PICTURES,

TWO DOLLARS PER DOZEN.

Now and forever. Don't be afraid. The experiment is not a failure. J. H. BOSTWICK.
816

JOSEPH PARKER,
DRUGGIST,
No. 63 Mill Street, Bristol,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of Bristol and vicinity that he will keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of

PURE DRUGS,
Patent Medicines,
CHEMICALS, &c.,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
PERFUMERY,
Pure Wines and Liquors

for strictly medicinal purposes. Also a new stock of PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY, DYE STUFFS, &c.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded.

Ice Cold Soda with Choice Syrups, Five Cents per glass. 831

HO! FOR THE NEW
Coal and Wood Yard,
NEAR THE HOLLOW BRIDGE,
BRISTOL, PA.

THE best quality of Coal and Wood at the lowest possible price for cash. Orders left at H. A. Bailey's store, or at my residence, 45 Radcliffe Street

Price List Coal Delivered.

STOVE COAL,	$4 75
CHESTNUT COAL,	4 50
Coal in Yard.	
STOVE COAL,	$4 50
CHESTNUT COAL,	4 00

875 C. H. FENTON.

THE FARMERS' FRIEND
GRAIN DRIL!

Sows all kinds of Grain, Grass Seed, and Phosphates,

Distributing very evenly; quantity easily changed, without loose wheels, and is to-day the best drill made.

Champion in every contest.
Superior to all others.
Favorite wherever used.
SEE THE FARMER'S FRIEND BEFORE YOU BUY.

For sale by
L. L. WHITE,
887 Yardleyville, Pa.

TREES! TREES! TREES!
Fruit, Shade and Evergreen.

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK WE WILL SELL FOR CASH

Bartlett and Seckel Standard Pear Trees,
At $15 per One Hundred.

We would call the attention of persons wishing trees for street planting or for quick shade, to the Black Italian Poplar and Shining Leaved Willow. For quick growth and beauty of appearance these two varieties of trees cannot be excelled.

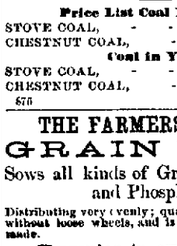
JOHN SHERWOOD & SON,
1 mile below Schenck's Station, 2½ below Bristol. 775

SEWING MACHINE NOTICE.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON, Straight Needle, Rotary Hook, Lock Stich are adapted to all kinds of family sewing, dress making, tailoring, shirts, collars, cloaks, skirts, mantillas, hats, caps, boots and shoes, umbrellas, parasols, etc. They work equally well upon woollen, cotton, silk or linen goods, with silk, cotton or linen thread. They will bind, quilt, gather, hem, fell, cord, braid, bind, and perform every species of sewing, making a perfect stitch, alike on both sides, of the article sewed.

E. M. BIGH, Agent,
Bath street, Bristol.

I also REPAIR all kinds of Sewing Machines at short notice. 688



McEwen & Bennett,
DEALERS IN
TOBACCO and CIGARS,
Newportville, Pa.,
Are now prepared to furnish all brands of Cigars wholesale and retail. 794

WILLIAM B. BAKER, M. D.,
DENTIST.
43 Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Artificial Teeth inserted in full or partial sets. 1074

Will Sell at a Sacrifice.

HOUSE ON RADCLIFFE STREET, near Catholic Church. Very easy terms. Will trade for vacant lots or farm lands.
446 J. H. WOOD, 86 Mill Street.

The Universal Cooking Stove!

The most perfect Gas and Smoke Consuming Stove in the market.

THIS STOVE by an entire reformation of the present mode of combustion, prevents the enormous waste of unconsumed gases and smoke, which it is conceded by the scientific world is made by all Stoves on the old plan.

It produces more heat with much less fuel. It will burn hard Coal, Soft (Bituminous) Coal, or Wood. It tests itself. It will take all day without renewing the fire, and has many advantages over all other Cooking Stoves. Patented November 28th, 1871, by C. B. GREGORY. On exhibition and for sale at

THE BRISTOL IRON FOUNDRY.

A Large Variety of Cast and Wrought Iron Fence, from $1.50 to $2.25 Per Foot, put up

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY COMBINED.

Those that are inclined to patronize home industry can be suited in price and quality by calling and seeing for themselves.

BLACKSMITHS TUYERES, TYRE BENDERS, MOULD BOARDS, CELLAR GRATINGS, many other small articles on hand and for sale at low prices.

FINE CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

HARKINS & PRAY,
Dorrance Street, Bristol, Pa.
562

JOSEPH SHERMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,
Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS
IN EVERY VARIETY.
Mill—Dorrance Street, west of Railroad,
601 **BRISTOL, PA.**

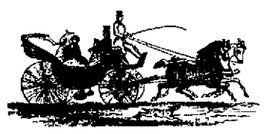
WILSON RANDALL,
CARRIAGE BUILDER.
No 20 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
780

MRS. WILSON RANDALL'S
NEW MILLINERY STORE.
Goods of all kinds and styles,
At 22 Bath Street, Bristol. 785

E. M. McCONNELL.
AT
Hulmeville, Bucks County, Pa.,
CARRIES ON AN EXTENSIVE
Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

Orders for custom work taken, and fit guaranteed. My prices are moderate, and I do GOOD WORK. I have also an OYSTER AND EATING SALOON ATTACHED, where the Best Stews are made. Families supplied. 874

STOP!



IT WON'T COST YOU ANYTHING TO STOP AND INSPECT THE **FINE CARRIAGES**
AT ROSE'S FACTORY,
NEWPORTVILLE, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.
Second-hand Carriages taken in exchange for new ones. Repairing promptly attended to. 807

RIVER ROAD GREENHOUSES,
BURLINGTON, N. J.

L. **N. ROBERTS, Florist,** respectfully informs the inhabitants of Bristol that he has a large lot of FLOWERS AND BEDDING OUT PLANTS all of most healthy growth, which he will sell at the lowest prices. His collection comprises all the newest and best old varieties. The public is respectfully solicited to give him a call. The place is opposite the Bristol Water Works, on the Jersey side.
Also, TOMATO, EGG PLANTS, CELERY, CABBAGE, Etc., for sale in their season. 783

I. T. SMITH,
CARPET WEAVER,
No. 90 York St., Burlington, N. J.

I AM the oldest established weaver in Burlington, and my work is equalled by few and surpassed by none. Rag Carpets constantly on hand and for sale wholesale and retail. Highest price given for Carpet Rags. For weaving, 30, 35, 38, 40 and 45c. Wool Stripe, 50, 55, 60, 65c. A good variety on hand and for sale at 50, 55, 60 and 65c. [802

DR. E. E. SMITH'S
SYRUP FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, ROUP.
At Stores and Druggists.
503

B. F. JOHNSON,
The Tonsorial Artist.

SHAVING, SHAMPOOING, AND HAIR DRESSING, DONE IN THE NEATEST MANNER.

Mr. Johnson is also leader of the Newtown Excelsior String Band, which can be engaged for Balls, Concerts, Picnics, &c. Address,
• 633 BOX 81, NEWTOWN, PA.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
R. L. GURNEE, - Principal.

Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week; for Day Pupils, from $2.50 to $8, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8; in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 535

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS.
West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manure And Horse Stable Manure,
Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa.
BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand, or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rates. 558

Swarthmore College.

TEN MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA, under the care of Friends, gives to both sexes alike full Classical and Scientific courses, for completing which the usual degrees are conferred. Total expenses, including tuition, board, washing, use of books, &c., $350 a year. NO EXTRA CHARGES. For catalogue, giving full particulars as to courses of study, &c., address,
EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M., President.
Swarthmore College, Delaware County, Pa. 840

MISS MERRIAM'S
Family and Day School for Girls,
AT BRISTOL, PA.,

WILL REOPEN ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th. A distinct Primary Department will be added to the school. For Circulars, address until September 1,
MISS A. MERRIAM,
715 Westborough, Mass.

The Bristol Friends' School,

FOR MEMBERS AND OTHERS, of both sexes, will re-open on SECOND-DAY, the TENTH of NINTH MONTH (September), 1877. For circulars, terms, and other particulars, apply to
S. A. MITCHELL, Principal.
ANTHONY SWAIN, President.
Or C. T. IREDELL,
886 Treasurer of Committee.

POMONA NURSERY. MILLIONS OF **Trees and Plants,** Best Strawberries 9 inches around. Ten acres Raspberries yielded **$4,338.** Send for Catalogue **free.**
40 YEARS AMONG SMALL FRUITS.—Telling What and How to Plant. Illustrated. Sent, postpaid, for 25 cents, or **free to every purchaser.** WILLIAM PARRY,
688 Cinnaminson, N. J.

CAUTION.
THE
Langhorne and Hulmeville Beacon
IS the "HULMEVILLE BEACON" formerly published by William Tilton. Any other paper in the county bearing the name of "BEACON" has an unlawful title, and is infringing upon our rights.
THOMAS EASTBURN, Publisher,
June 6. 848 LANGHORNE, PA.

BLACK HILLS, and the **Great Northwest,** a large 100 page book, containing a full description of this marvelous country, with maps and illustrations sent free to every yearly subscriber of the DAKOTA HERALD. ($2.00 per year.) Specimen copy sent free. Three months with book for $1.00. Book without paper sent to any address on receipt of 75 cents. Address,
395 THE HERALD, Yankton, Dakota.

Bristol Mills.
FLOUR, FEED, LUMBER, COAL, &c.
ROGERS BROTHERS,
Successors to J. & A. Dorrance.

Flour
Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed
of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.
Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades; Hemlock Boards; Joist and Scantling, Lath Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.
☞ Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality.
Bills for huge, long or odd sized timber cut at our

SAW MILL
at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

PLANING MILL.
Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding, &c. of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.

SHINGLES
In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.

COAL
Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust.

WOOD
Ready Sawed for Summer use and very cheap. CEDAR RAILS lower than usual.

Grain Bought
At the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.
361 **ROGERS BROTHERS.**

WRIGHT & HAWKE,
No. 35 BATH STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,

DEALERS IN
COAL under cover,
well screened and picked.
Building Material of all kinds,
Including LUMBER, BRICK, LIME, HAIR, SAND, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, CHIMNEY TOPS, &c.
Kindling Wood, dry and split ready for use.
Fertilizers constantly on hand.

In connection with the above established trade of Henry M. Wright, we have taken that of
GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED,
And are prepared to fill all orders promptly. 787

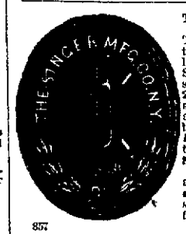
JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety.

$500 Challenge.

That I will put on TIN ROOFS as cheap as any one either in Bristol, Trenton, or any Town,
FOR THE SAME QUALITY OF TIN.
TIN ROOFING done for 6½, 7, 7½, 8 and 8½ cts. per foot. All work warranted. Give me one trial and if I don't do justice don't patronize me again—of course not.

STOVES, TIN WARE AND GENERAL JOBBING.
THOMAS BARNARD,
812 **16 & 18 Mill Street, Bristol.**

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 90



This cut represents the TRADE MARK that will be found upon the arm of every **GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.**
The name of "The Singer Manufacturing Company" is also printed on the top of the arm; all others not bearing this trade-mark and name are worthless imitations. Beware of them. Buy only of our regular agents. The Singer has for years been the great popular machine, and more of them are sold than of all others put together. **Last year its sales** amounted to **262,316 machines.** It was also the leading machine at the Centennial, and carried off more honors than any other, having received **four awards** and a resolution of thanks from the Centennial authorities, and a "certificate of honor" from the ladies connected with the Women's Department of the Exhibition. The Singer, leading its competitors in everything else, led them also in reducing prices, by placing the machine that formerly sold for **SIXTY,** at
THIRTY DOLLARS
and making a like reduction on all other styles. Having **skilled agents only** to sell our machines, purchasers may be sure of getting proper instructions, and are **guaranteed satisfaction** in every particular. Send for circular. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
857 THE SINGER MFG. CO., Philadelphia Office, 1106 Chestnut Street.

NO MORE LAMP CHIMNEYS.
THE CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR.
Greatest Invention of the Age.

Perfect Light. No More Lamp Chimneys. No More Breakage. No More Cleaning.

The CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR is unsurpassed for simplicity, perfection of light and cheapness.

THERE great objection heretofore of coal oil lamps has been the frequent breaking of chimneys, making it very expensive light. It has, therefore, employed the minds of inventors to try to abolish this evil, which has finally been accomplished by the invention of the CRYSTAL ILLUMINATOR. It gives brilliancy of light, together with perfect safety.

Complete Lamps can be applied to all gas fixtures, and the "Illuminator" to all family lamps with a saving of 200 per cent. for the same light as gas.
GEO. WAGNER, General Agent,
Office, 224 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Address orders by mail as above. Agents wanted. 855

HENRY EHRESMANN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
676 **2140 North Front Street, Philadelphia.**

BLYTHE C. ANDREWS,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 110 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia. 572

CHR. PREUGER & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
S. E. Corner Germantown Ave. and Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia.

Parties in want of neat fitting Clothing can do well by calling on this house. My facilities are greater than any Tailoring establishment up town, and prices are lower. 608

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
Rubber Printing Stamps

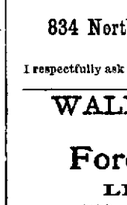
FOR MARKING CLOTHING AND BOOKS, Printing Envelopes, Cards, Bill Heads, &c., Rubber Dating, Bank and Business Stamps, of every description. Your name with Indelible Ink, box and pads sent to any address on receipt of One Dollar. Business Stamps from Two Dollars upwards. Society Stamps a specialty. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
WALSH'S IMPROVED RUBBER HAND STAMP DEPOT,
Charlotte Street corner Girard Avenue, between N. 3d and 4th Streets.
Agents wanted. [644] PHILADELPHIA.

Z. I. Leonard's Jewelry Store,
NO. 1729 GERMANTOWN AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.

Repairing of Fine Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Musical Boxes. Spectacles and Nose Glasses to suit all sights. A large stock of Clocks, at prices to suit the times. Repairing done at the shortest notice, and lower than any establishment up-town, by
667 **M. K. STUART, Watchmaker and Jeweller.**

IVINS & BROTHER,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,
Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 769

LADIES' AND GENTS'
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,
227 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
655 R. W. VERMILYA



CHRISTIAN SCHWANEBERG;
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
Retail Store, 341 N. Second St. & 622 Girard Ave., Philada.,
Takes pleasure in informing the public that he has a large stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES
Of his own manufacture, and of superior quality, which he will sell **LOW FOR CASH,** and cheaper than the same class of goods can be obtained at any other house
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. 549

LOOK!
R. TEMPLEMAN, Merchant Tailor,
(FORMERLY CASTORS),
804 Vine Street, Philadelphia.

Pants, made to order in a first-class style, from $4 to $8, worth $6 to $12. Good Suits of Plaid Cassimere, $17. For $20 we will make a Suit to order which cannot be bought ready-made for that money. Good Spring and Fall Overcoats, $17 to $25. All work done in a first-class manner and a perfect fit guaranteed. Our prices are far below that of ready-made work. 660

A. T. GERIKE,
Wholesale and Retail
Brush Manufacturer,
NO. 321 VINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Also Dealer in Oil Cloths, Wood, Willow and Tin Ware, and General House Furnishing Goods. 646

HENRY GRAFFELDER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Table Manufacturer,
1111 NORTH THIRD STREET, BELOW GIRARD AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.
All kinds of Furniture Repaired and Varnished. 628

J. M. SCHWEHM,
PRACTICAL CABINET MAKER,
DEALER IN FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS,
No. 2038 Germantown Avenue, above Norris Street, Philadelphia.
UPHOLSTERING, REPAIRING AND VARNISHING, done at shortest notice. 646

C. F. STEINBACH,
Photographer,
834 North Second Street, below Poplar Street, Philadelphia.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO COPYING.
I respectfully ask the readers of this paper to give me a call before going elsewhere,—all I ask is a trial. 696

WALN, WHITEMAN & CARPENTER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Cigars,
LEAF TOBACCO OF ALL KINDS.
NO. 210 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 614

B. SMITH,
FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED, REPAIRED, VARNISHED, AND OILED,
Chairs Re-Caned,
No. 209 Diamond Street, Corner Philip Street, Philadelphia.
All country orders promptly attended to.
Always on hand, a stock of Ladies' and Children's ROCKING CHAIRS, very cheap. Please give me call. 938

WILLIAM J. HEISS, JACKSON HEISS, ESTABLISHED 1834. GILBERT W HAWLK, DAVID G. SCHOENLY, HENRY F. PATTERSON

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia.
FLOUR A SPECIALTY. 641

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
Window Glass, Paint, Oil and Varnish Store,
JUST OPENED AT
No. 1752 North Eleventh Street,
(Between Columbia and Montgomery Avenues,) PHILADELPHIA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has opened at the above place a New Store for the sale of Window Glass of all sizes and qualities; Paints of all kinds, mixed and unmixed; Oils, Varnish, Turpentine and Putty. He would invite the attention of Builders and all others to his stock. By buying and selling for cash he is enabled to offer all articles in his line at the reduced rates of the times. Don't forget the place—1752 North Eleventh Street.
663 **G. W. REYNOLDS.**

SPECIAL NOTICE TO BUTCHERS!
TO OUR
DRAW-CUT SAUSAGE CHOPPERS, SAUSAGE STUFFERS.
MANUFACTURED BY THE MURRAY IRON WORKS, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

JAMES JOHNSON, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, says: "I have used the No. 2 Chopper for two seasons. I have cut 25,000 lbs. of meat for myself, and 5,000 lbs. for other people. I think it does more than claimed in the circular; and if I could not get another like it, no money could buy it. Your Stuffer is perfection." ISRAEL S. WILLIAMS, Agent for these Machines.
648 **213 Market Street, Philadelphia.**

MRS. WILLIAM E. CROLIUS,
DEALER IN
Cigars, Cigarettes, and all kinds of Confectionery,
MEALS AT ALL HOURS, OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
BERKS STREET,
678 **OPPOSITE NORTH PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.**

THE
AMERICAN
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE
SIMPLEST,
MOST DURABLE,
AND
BEST SEWING MACHINE
IN THE WORLD.

MORTON A. WALMSLEY, Agent,
Corner Mill and Radcliffe Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES of all kinds constantly on hand. 806

NEW
MARBLE YARD.
WILLIAM DAVIS,
Marble Cutter.
Having leased the lot at corner of
Market and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL,
Is prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, ELABORATE, SIMPLE or MASSIVE. Cemetery Lots Enclosed, in every style.

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES
As cheap as can be done elsewhere.
☞ Give me a call, get my prices and look at my work before purhasing elsewhere. 780

MITCHELL & KIRKMAN,
MARBLE
and
Brown Stone CUTTERS,
Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES and STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

GEORGE S. STONE & SON,
BRISTOL, PA.
(Formerly of Philadelphia.)
PLUMBERS,
STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS.
Also, Dealer in Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
☞ Repair work solicited.
For the present, orders left at the East corner of Wood and Lafayette streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention
Reference: C. W. & J. Peirce 689

ARTHUR T. COLLINS,
(SUCCESSOR TO HEPWORTH & COLLINS,)
Foot of Market Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
Lead and Iron Pipes, Pumps, Gas Fixtures, Hydraulic Rams,
And all material connected with the trade, at lowest market prices.
Parties will do well to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere All work guaranteed. 552

KEEP COOL!
LEWIS PATTERSON & SON
ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THE CITIZENS OF BRISTOL WITH NICE
CLEAR ICE,
AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES,
Delivered at their residences or stores every morning
Orders may be sent through the Post Office and will receive prompt attention 892

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH